Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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Postscript.

SATURDAY MORNING, 12 o'clock.

The publication of To-day's Paper has been delayed by an accident until an unusually late hour, which enables us, however, to note the contents of letters received by the Mails of this morning. Among other Sporting Intelligence, we received complete reports of the Races at Macon, Ga., and Marianna, Flo., and partial reports of those at Plaquemine, La., and Broad Rock, Va., but the already crowded state of our columns leaves us space for merely a brief summary.

At Macon, *Mary Elizabeth* received ft. in the 2 yr. olds stake, and *Fanny Bailey* won another stake for 2 yr. olds the same day, the 16th inst. The Plate was carried off by *Frances Tyrrel.* Col. Pittman's *Charles Archie* won the three mile purse, beating *Polly Green* and *Lizzy Diggs.* The four mile purse was won by Lovell & Hammond's *Gerow.* The mile heats, best 3 in 5, was won by *Frances Tyrrel*, beating Target and 2 others.

At Plaquemine, Col. Bingaman's *Ajax* won the colt's stake on the 10th inst., and *Roderick Dhu* the two mile purse in 3:48—3:51, beating Kavanagh and Richard of York; the report of the other day's racing is on its way to us.

At Marianna, *Jim Kearney* won a two mile purse on the 6th Feb., and the same day *Tishimingo* another. For the three mile purse *Major Jones* walked over, and *Jim Kearney* won the mile heats' purse.

At Broad Rock (over the Fairfield Course), John Early's ch. c. by Goliah won the mile heats in 1:55—1:56, beating Dr. Goodwyn's Fylde colt, and distancing Col. White's Goliah colt.

Communications from "A Trainer" at Lexington, Ky.—from "An Old Southern Correspondent," and several others were received.

Mr. Bradhurst's *Yankee Doodle* won the purse for two mile heats in harness, yesterday, on the Beacon Course, beating *Chance*, in 5:44½—5:58. The second race, for a purse, two mile heats under the saddle, was won by Mr. Bryan's *Lady Suffolk*, beating *Apollo*, in 5:21, when the horse was drawn. The entries for the purse, two mile heats under the saddle, To-day, are Dutchman and Lady Suffolk. Immediately after will come off a trot, two mile heats in wagons.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. K. is informed that his report of the Four mile day at Newmarket did not reach us until Sunday morning; his courtesy, however, is fully appreciated.

We will go *one* "keg of tobacco" on the filly, old boy, against your favorite. What say you to that?

Never mind about the postage, friend K., but send your letters no other way than by Mail. It's all very well to laugh and swear at Amos, but Uncle Sam's Mail is a much surer and safer conveyance than it is generally cracked up to be.

Mr. R.'s request relative to *De Witt Clinton* shall be attended to in our next, with pleasure.

An article from J. K. D., Esq. on "Naming Horses vs. the Field," is again crowded out but shall appear directly.

T. H. C.'s pointer shall be looked after, and he may rely upon being suited, if he will furnish us with a particular description of what would suit him; meanwhile we beg to remind him of his promise.

Letters from Pete Whetstone—Black Creek—N. of Arkansas, and M. of Louisiana, in our next, with as many others as we can possibly find room for.

The official report of the Newbern Races we have incorporated in the communication of a favorite North Carolina correspondent.

We invite attention to "*The Stranger's Tale,*" on page 86 of to-day's paper, from Frazer's Magazine, as one of thrilling interest.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1839.

TABLES OF WINNING HORSES.

Last week was completed the series of our compilation of last year's racing in America. There are several points connected with them to which we should, perhaps, have called the attention of readers at an earlier day. Some of these we now briefly note.

It is too common a thing among the purchasers of horses, to change their names as soon as they come into their hands. Now they run as Pressure, next as Mad Anthony, and then back to Pressure again. In our Tables it was impossible to present the performances of each winning horse at a glance, and at the same time preserve the name under which each ran. The alphabetical order would at once have been violated. We therefore adopted the plan of placing the horse in the Table under the name which he bore in his last race, if there were more than one race to be noted in our Table. When the reader has occasion to look up a race in the paper, by referring from the folio given in the Table, he may find it reported that the horse ran under a different name, as in the case of *Eliza Derby*, now called *The Queen*, and *Mad Anthony*, now called *Pressure*.

Again, the horse is sometimes entered in the name of his trainer, usually of his owner, but often of some friend. In this case, when the fact is well known, the name of the owner is given in the Tables, though it may not correspond with the reported race.

Again, an error may occasionally have been made in the report of a race; the error having been subsequently detected, is noted by us in the paper, and the Tables made to correspond with it; but when the reader refers to *his* copy of the details of the race, he will, of course, find it differing in that particular from the Tables.

Again, the time is given in the Tables as reported, without making any allowance for the difference in the length of courses, which we are sorry to say too often exists. It was found impossible for want of room to note these differences, save in a few cases. The subject has been often alluded to in the Turf Register, and in the columns of this paper, and until proprietors shall all make their courses a full mile, turfmen must look with due suspicion upon the quick time often recorded.

There is one horse, the sire of many winners, reported sometimes as Stockholder, sometimes as Berry's Stockholder, and sametimes as La Fayette Stockholder; another called here Archy of Transport, and there Archy Montorio. The reader will bear these in mind, if ever in doubt. The amount of stakes won is reckoned by excluding the winner's entrance money. But in most cases, it is impossible to know how many entries are absolutely *void*, and of course the amount of money won on *paper* may not agree with the "cash account" of the winner.

We have said enough on these points, perhaps, but could scarcely say less. In the collection and arrangement of particulars so voluminous as have entered into the composition of these Tables, errors are unavoidable. None of great consequence have been pointed out to us, if we omit the dam of *Pete Whetstone*, in the Four mile Table, and the sire of *Mary Wynn*, in the Three. Both horses are too well known to require of us now to make a more formal "erratum." The former was our own inadvertence, the latter, an error of the reporters, which we omitted to correct. Others there are, without doubt, but we hope of no signal consequence. On the whole, we have been gratified, and even surprised, that we can now detect so few. The labor of transcribing has been enormous and vexatious, and if devoted to lighter subjects, would have made the paper livelier for several weeks past. But our trust is, that the reader will sufficiently appreciate the value of the Tables to applaud the diversion of toil by which they have been prepared.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. No. II.

EDMUND KEAN'S FIRST SEASON.

[Written for the "Spirit of the Times."]

Six years have passed since Edmund Kean was gathered to his fathers—six years have witnessed a settled gloom upon the horizon of the drama; in every Shakspearean heart there exists a monument to his fame—no lover of the stage can think of him without a suffusion of tears. I know not whether any connection is established betwixt the dead and the living,—whether those whose immateriality is wafted to the world above, are cognizant of our doings—but if it *be* so, the spirit of Kean will gladden in the consciousness that his memory is cherished by many who admired him, and who, even at this distant period, never enter a Theatre without heaving a sigh of regret. In a narrow grave, within the miserable confines of a few worthless boards, shrouded in a few yards of linen-cloth, lies the "proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes"—entombed—but not alone—Othello rests by his side—Shylock is on his pillow—Sir Giles Overreach feeds the same family of worms, and Glo'ster's skeleton moulders with his own;—the same earth that rattled upon *his* coffin, buried the other four! A sad reflection to one who was present at his debut twenty-four years since, and who took every opportunity of witnessing his excellencies.

The present Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of a committee, of which Lord Byron was a member, opened about twenty-seven years ago, with a tolerable comic strength, consisting of Dowton, Bannister, Knight, Lovegrove, Decamp, Miss Duncan, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, &c. &c. In Tragedy they were wofully destitute, Elliston, (the Charles Surface and Young Mirabel of his day,) *led* in serious parts, and was supported by Mrs. Glover, and *a* Mr. J. Wallack, who appeared as Laertes to Elliston's Hamlet on the opening night; subsequently, the committee having engaged an excellent actor from the Liverpool boards, named Rae, and Miss Smith, (now Mrs. Bartley,) they were enabled to produce a tragedy with tolerable effect. Still, things languished wretchedly—stage managers were continually changed,—nothing would do—two seasons had terminated disastrously—the third promised no better; the rivalry of the other house, with the Kembles, Young, and Miss O'Neill, was too much for the committee; they tried one country actor after another;—all useless. I remember going to the Theatre on a Wednesday evening, to see the Merchant of Venice, with a Mr. Priest as debutant in Shylock—it was horrible—too cruel to laugh at—after the first two scenes he was sent to Coventry, and whenever he appeared, some of the gods vociferated "*we don't want any Priests here—go to the Pope.*" The papers of the next morning chaunted his requiem, and he was never heard of more.

On the following Wednesday, to my surprise, the play-bills again announced the Merchant of Venice—Shylock by Mr. Huddart, another countryman. I rather think this gentleman is the father of Miss Huddart, recently married to Mr. Warner, and now playing at Covent Garden. The house was sepulchrally empty, and I am sorry to say that Mr. Huddart met with no better fate than his predecessor. He was irredeemably damned, and never, that I have heard, has he made a second attempt. The stockholders shook their heads, and had ominous forebodings that the theatre would be closed and sold, to liquidate a large accumulated debt; the public thought so too, and the newspapers speculated upon the amount it would bring at public auction. Thus passed a week, and when again Wednesday's play-bills were issued, I was amused to see the Merchant of Venice again advertised, with Mr. Kean, of the Theatre Royal, Exeter, as Shylock. Well, I thought that either the committee had got a Shylock mania, or that all the Provincial actors had been bitten by some rabid Merchant of Venice.

It was a sad dose to swallow, and so said some of my companions; but as it was a rule with us to witness every important debut, there was no backing out. At seven o'clock, on a dark, foggy, drizzling evening, I found myself seated in the pit, with about forty other discontented individuals; the same number appeared in the dress circle; in the second and third tier not a creature. I do not believe they took ten pounds at the doors. Rae played Bassanio, and Miss Smith, Portia; the first two scenes were very heavy; they lacked spirit and energy; the actors were infected with the melancholy of the audience. The third scene commenced; Bassanio entered, followed by a diminutive, squalid man, in a mean, slate-colored gabardine; he looked as if he had just escaped from a prison, or the jaws of death. He received the usual greeting, which he acknowledged with a grace that strengthened the heartiness of the welcome. "Three thousand ducats—Well!" came tremulously forth. "Ay, Sir, for three months!" rejoined confidently the practised Bassanio. "For three months," reiterated Shylock, with a little more nerve. "For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound," proudly asserted Bassanio. Now came the features of Kean into play. "And Antonio bound," was uttered with a deliberate pause between each word, whilst his eye conned Bassanio from head to foot, intimating that he would not trust either of them without security. The audience became very quiet—very attentive, and when the question on Antonio's solvency was put to him, "Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?" his polite and sneering reply drew *several* approbationary "bravos" from the pit. It was now pretty evident that the man before us was no trifler—no mountebank, and that we were to see something like Shakspeare's Shylock represented by an actor heart and soul in the cause. No remarks were made—every attempt at conversation was stilled by a loud "hush" from various parts of the house. The peroration on the means of Antonio—his "supposititious means," was given with great effect—every harshness of expression softened by an ironical apology to Bassanio. To the concluding remark, "I think I may take his bond," Bassanio answers, "Be assured you may." Here Kean turned sharply upon him, and exclaimed, "I WILL be assured I may; and that I MAY be assured, I will bethink me." This was sufficient; long and loud plaudits the delivery of the sentence, and its accompanying gesticulation; it was clear that failure was impossible. The scene with Salanio and Salarino was all that his most ardent friends could have anticipated; up to this moment he had been very quiet, but here the lion was unchained, and he burst forth in all the madness of rage, pride, avarice, and revenge. Small as was his figure, it seemed as if twenty men could not restrain him—he walked to and fro an incarnation of fiendishness, a volcano of passion, eager to shower upon the whole world the blistering lava of his ire. It was precisely as Shakspeare has drawn it, a mass of uncontrolled feeling; there was a tear for his wife—a groan for his ducats—a curse for his daughter, and a searing blight for Antonio.

This scene elicited boundless applause, and the success of the aspirant was now certain. The trial scene (a play in itself) fell nothing short of his former efforts; he made three great points, which I well recollect. Portia observes:—"Then must the Jew be merciful." His question, in reply—"On what compulsion MUST I?" uttered with a confident sneer, passed thrillingly through the hearts of his hearers. Again, when Portia says, "Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond," Kean gently laid his hands upon the bond, as fearing the learned doctor of Padua intended to tear it *without* his leave, replaced it in his girdle, and exultingly exclaimed, "When it is *paid;*" this was an enormous point, and left not a hand in the theatre unbusied. His retirement from the court, bending a dark and malignant scowl upon Gratiano, sealed his triumph. The newspapers whose reporters thought it worth the trouble to attend the theatre on the evening in question, spoke *very favorably* of the debutant; they said he was a man of sound judgment, but weak voice; of his figure, they averred that they could not say anything, as it was enshrouded in his Jewish gabardine. The play was repeated on the Saturday, and in consequence of rumors of Kean's excellence having travelled through the literary coteries, the house was about one fourth filled. There was no mistake about him then, he passed the fiery ordeal of stern criticism on that *very* second night. London, dramatic London, awoke from a trance, and on the following Monday, not a seat was to be had at the box-office after four o'clock. He played Shylock seventeen times before he appeared in a second character; and when in Glo'ster his genius blazed within the walls of old Drury Lane theatre, one and all declared that he had had no equal since the days of Garrick. His third impersonation was in the tragedy of Othello, alternating nightly the two chief characters; but the gentleman who personated the Moor on his "Iago" nights was so miserably inefficient, that he laid the white man on the shelf, and embued himself with the sable spirit. Talma, when in England, declared this to be Kean's *chef d'œuvre*, and the *ne plus ultra* of acting. Having fixed himself upon the pedestal of fame, he determined to have a dash at the Kembles, and darted boldly into their "jungle." He played Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, Penruddock, Reuben Glenroy, Alexander the Great, and with an unalterable confidence in the versatility of his genius, he played Sylvester Daggerwood and Paul for his benefit. All these innovations were regretted by his friends, but they could not control a certain jealousy which reigned within his breast to the latest hour of his career, for during his last season he attempted Virginius, and failed.

He progressed brilliantly side by side with John Kemble, *he* at Drury, and his elder and declining com-peer at Covent Garden. Both equally great, it was evident that their powers were of a different cast. I can only compare them with the mighty conflicting streams of the West; Kemble, like the clear and stately Mississippi, took rise in obscurity, streamed and billowed through the glade of time and space, and when nearly mingling in the great ocean of eternity, he was fastened upon by a dark and turbid rival, who diminished the quantity, but did not deteriorate the quality of his glory. Kemble could not play Othello, Glo'ster, Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach—Kean erred in attempting Coriolanus, Macbeth, Cardinal Wolsey, and Zanga. L.

Our Next Plate.—We make frequent calls upon our friend *John Bascombe*, who, or whose ghost, is now sojourning under the hospitable roof of DICK, the artist. He looks better every time we see him, and we hope to place him in the printers' hands early next week. But the process of printing, the reader must understand, is a very slow one, and if we are able to issue the picture in the whole month of May, we shall be satisfied. *Wagner* has been painted for us, and the work is now *en route* from New Orleans, and upon its arrival will immediately be put in hand. Great delay arises from the want of painters, in different parts of the country. If we could get a fine likeness of the winner of the great P. P. stakes here in June, we should be glad to send it to the engraver. We hope to announce in our next, that Shark is to be placed in our gallery of distinguished horses. What an assemblage will they all make—Shark, and Monarch, and Bascombe, and Mingo, and Wagner, when united to the fine picture of the "black mare!" And who will say whether it is to be Job or Fordham, Caroline or Jack Kremer, that is to join the constellation.

The Globe Hotel.—Mr. Blancard has at last opened his new hotel. It is one of the most beautiful establishments in town, both in its outward appearance and its internal appointments. From the top to the bottom, it would seem a model of convenience. He very soon opens his ordinary for those who prefer dining at five o'clock at a public table, and this he intends to make the most fashionable table in town. Bachelors who would live as independently as they please of bells and gongs, can be accommodated at the Globe, to the extent of their caprices, and families will find the house so arranged as to afford them convenient *suites* of rooms. We commend the house to the patronage of the public.

New Books.—The Harpers are about publishing three new novels, one by Lady Bulwer, entitled "Cheverley, or the Man of Honor," "Francis Tyrrell," by James, and one other, of which the name and author have escaped us. It is comforting to think we are at last to have something to read from our New York house. There is much curiosity to see Lady B.'s book, and James can with difficulty write amiss.

Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, have just published a new novel, "Horace Vernon, or Fashionable Life." A single chapter is all we have read, or can read, till our paper is "out," when we shall again take hold of it. It "bites rather crisp," and on the whole, promises to repay perusal. It is on sale at the Carvilles. "The Poetic Wreath" is another affair, from the same publishers. It consists of "Select passages from the works of English Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, alphabetically arranged." It is a handsome volume of 560 pages, quite prettily bound.

MISS ROMER.

The subject of our present sketch was born about the year 1811. From her earliest infancy she exhibited a strong inclination for the stage, which may be accounted for from the fact of most of her immediate relations being directly or indirectly connected with theatres. Her eldest sister was for many years a popular and favourite dancer; one of her brothers was an actor, another turned his attention to dramatic music; and therefore it need excite but little wonder that our heroine should also be bitten by the family mania. At an early age Miss Emma Romer was placed under a Mr. Eliotson, for the purpose of receiving instructions in music; and in 1830, she made her first appearance as Clara, in the "Duenna," at Covent Garden Theatre. On the same night and in the same piece, Wilson made his first bow to an English audience. She did not then, however, meet with any very marked success. At the close of the Covent Garden season she fulfilled some country engagements, and on her return was retained by Abbott, who then ruled the destinies of the Victoria Theatre. Her performance of Malibran's part in "The Sonnambula" here excited some attention; but her crowning triumph was reserved for the part of the Sylph, in Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," produced shortly after at the English Opera House, which at once raised her above all her compeers, and her success was as great as it has been lasting. She has since played at Drury Lane and Covent Garden with marked success; and about three years since she became the wife of Mr. Almond, of the firm of Moore and Co., hatters, Bond-street; she, however, on the stage still retains her maiden name. Her voice is a full, rich soprano, but her compass is not great. She is a better actress than the generality of singers, and is as much respected in private life for her amiability and goodness, as she is liked in public for her histronic talents.

THE TURF IN RUSSIA.

Excursions in the Interior of Russia, including Sketches of the Character and Policy of the Emperor Nicholas, Scenes in St. Petersbug, &c., &c. By Robert Bremner, Esq. Henry Colburn.

The following observations upon the Russian aristocracy, and the spirit with which they are entering into the Sports of the Turf, (which we extract from the above work of Mr. Bremner), will be read with avidity by our readers—as being of themselves highly interesting, and as affording valuable information.

The nobles of Moscow constitute a distinct class in the empire. The policy of all the latter sovereigns of Russia, but especially of Catherine, towards the nobility, was to draw as many of them as possible to the court. With the poorer nobles the scheme succeeded admirably. She encouraged their extravagance, and then lent them money, which they have never been able to repay; so that they are now implicitly tied to the reigning dynasty. Not so, however, with the richer nobles, and those of Moscow in particular. Some of the wealthiest of them have, doubtless, long been the greatest favourites and supporters of the Imperial family; but for the great body of them they had no lure strong enough. Old fashioned Moscow and independence were dearer to them than St. Petersburg and its stars, coupled with slavery. Hence it is that the nobles of this important part of the empire, have long been looked upon with a jealous eye by the court; and whether justly or not, they are at present, as has already been intimated, regarded as being, of all the nobles of Russia, the portion most generally infected with liberal opinions.

Whatever share their love of independence may have in keeping so many of the nobles at Moscow, no one who has seen the two cities will doubt that they show much better taste in preferring it. Not only have they the advantage of living here free from the troublesome etiquette of a court, where they would have to be constantly dancing a thankless attendance, but they also enjoy a life much more varied and agreeable than that of St. Petersburg. The city itself is much prettier, and, from various circumstances, affords a much greater choice of amusements and exercise to the rich than can be found in the modern capital. Their mansions are on the same scale of grandeur as their fortunes; and English fashions are in as great favour amongst them as English principles. The elegance with which many of them speak our language, and their predilection for the true English sport—horse racing—are well known. So fond are they of this amusement, that the race-course seems to be their favourite place of resort in the summer evenings. The season of the regular races had not begun, but we always found the ground crowded with noblemen, young and old, to witness some trotting-match or other. One night, in particular, it was very full; but what a contrast to an English race-course! The company in the stand was not indeed so very dissimilar; it consisted of the principal nobility, who, being as plainly dressed as people of rank in other parts of the world, presented nothing very conspicuous. But the crowd, ranged in very great order along the ropes, had nothing in common with an English one, except the eagerness with which they watched the sport, which, until of late, has been considered almost exclusively British. The greatest difference of all was, that no ladies were present; and we must not omit another distinction, which tells greatly to the credit of their husbands and brothers—there seemed to be little gambling on that occasion. An excellent horn-band kept all in good humour till the hero of the night appeared, in a light racing droschky, with iron wheels, built expressly for such occasions. It is a very smart concern, with room for two persons, but of course carrying only the driver—a long-robed personage, with the most earnest look in the world. One or two more, soon drove up, and the sport went on with great life. The speed of the animals may be inferred from the fact, that the trotter in the shafts always keep pace with a horse running along with him at full gallop. The latter animal is not harnessed with the other, but mounted by a lad, who works him with great science. There were several good horses, but all were eclipsed by *Bitshok*, the best trotter in Russia. He is a beautiful light bay, strong and handsome, and gets the credit of doing thirty versts (twenty miles) an hour! We saw him do the *rate*, but scarcely think that he is fit for the *distance*. He won the match with great ease, accomplishing his three versts and about a half (two miles and one third) in five minutes, forty seconds. An Englishman present stated his general achievements to be two miles and a half in five minutes! The horse was said to have been sold that morning for 2,580 roubles (1,000*l.*) Rumour doubled the sum; but even the one we have named is a large price, in a country where a horse that will be useful for years may be bought for 9*l.*

The Russians seem determined to deprive poor England of her superiority in horse-flesh, as well as in other matters; and for this purpose, the racing club have wisely begun by engaging, at a high salary, a trainer from Newmarket, while nearly all the nobles in Moscow have English grooms. Government likewise is at great expense in maintaining studs at many places, to which some of the best horses have been sent. They also employ agents to purchase horses all over the east; but if fame speak true, these gentlemen are more distinguished for their high prices than their superior judgment. We have heard that the sums which they pay at Bagdad and elsewhere are so ridiculous, that the "Russkys" have become the laughter of the Arabs and Persians, who say that they can get any price for the most miserable jade, provided they can produce a pedigree with it. Six and seven hundred pounds have frequently been paid for animals worth only sixty or seventy; and three hundred pounds is a common price for a hack. Somebody at a certain eastern court, who wanted to get rid of a couple of useless carriage-horses, put five hundred pounds on each; knowing that the Russians would be sure to jump at them on hearing of such a price.

The ladies whom we had missed at the race-ground, were found in the gardens of the Petrofski Palace, which is quite near. It would seem to be the Kensington Gardens of Moscow, with this difference, that here the company is most exclusively noble. It is the most select place of public resort in Europe, the lower ranks, though not excluded, having so many places of amusement more to their taste nearer home, that they seldom visit it. Besides the handsome carriage-drive and beautiful shrubberies, threaded by walks in every direction, there is an elegant summer theatre in the gardens, where a troop, chiefly composed of foreigners, perform during the fine season. On the adjoining promenade, the number of magnificent toilets and showy equipages was greater than we had yet seen in any similar place. The Russians, we have already said, are the most contradictory people in the world; and here we found another proof of it. On some nights, which we thought *warm*, they were to be seen wrapped in heavy mantles; now—probably because it was *cold*—the ladies were walking in what looked very like ball-dresses. While the men nearly all had their large grey military cloaks about them, their fair companions were clad in gossamer.

From another new book on Russia, we add the following items, with which "horse lore" is more or less mixed.

A RUSSIAN FAIR.

The fair is not held in the town, for fear of fire; but on an extensive steppe or down, about three quarters of a mile off. On this down a perfect village was erected of wooden booths, in which shops were opened for the sale of all kinds of goods, especially every article necessary for winter clothing, which was at the time exceedingly attractive, as we had a hard frost during the whole week. There were several fur-shops very handsomely provided with skins of all kinds and of all prices; bear, fox, sable, beaver, wolf, and a variety of others, of which I do not know the names. Russians sometimes go to an enormous expense in fur; but a handsome fox-skin, for a lady's cloak, may be had for about eight pounds, and a beaver collar, which is the handsomest and most agreeable fur for the purpose, for a lady or gentleman, will cost from eight to twelve pounds. A bear-skin pelisse, which is only fit for travelling, costs about thirty pounds. There were also Tartar merchants, with shaven heads and skull-caps, who sold shawls, dressing-gowns, slippers, and all kinds of eastern manufactures; while close by them were drapers, silk-mercers, and all the tradesmen requisite to furnish a lady's toilette, with goods home-made, or imported from England or France. The shop-keepers were all wrapped in furs, for the booths were bitterly cold. Who would expect, at a country fair, to find church bells for sale! There were a number of all sizes, some being of a very considerable weight of metal. They were hung on wooden frames in an open space, so that a customer could easily ring them to judge of their tones. Whether many of these bells were sold, I cannot tell; but I was told that there was always a certain demand for them at the fair. A number of fire-engines were stationed round the booths, to be useful not only in the event of fire, but as assistants to the police in keeping order; since, in case of a mob of drunken and disorderly people assembling at night, an engine playing into the midst of them disperses the crowd.

The horse-fair, altogether, presented a most curious scene; a large space of the steppe was thickly covered with tilegas, or little waggons, behind which the horses for sale were tied; and the strange figures of the people in their sheep-skin coats and fur caps, with their long beards, had any thing but an European character. In one part of the fair were to be seen showy horses, covered with gaudy cloths, tied three or four together behind tilegas, and from time to time creating a disturbance by kicking and fighting with their companions or neighbors. In another quarter were Tartars bargaining for miserable worn-out animals, such as in England may be seen awaiting their time in the paddock adjoining a kennel; but which the Tartar purchases as food, not for his dogs, but himself; for horse-flesh is the principal fare of these Russian Mahometans, who are tolerably numerous in this neighborhood. In another part of the fair again, were dealers from the Don, with large lots of Cossack and Bashkir horses. The Cossack horse is raw-boned and spare, carrying little flesh, and apparently not equal to any great weight; but he is better than he looks, is hardy, active, and enduring; he is little used for harness, for his master is a horseman bred and born. The Bashkir horse is short and punchy, with a thick neck, and a dull heavy head; but he will travel seventy miles without stopping or tiring. These animals, of both breeds, were chiefly wild unbroken colts, and were not haltered like the rest, and tied behind tilegas, but enclosed twenty or thirty together, in pens surrounded by a strong railing. In each pen was a lad with a whip, who kept the horses moving slowly round and round. When a customer fixed his eye on a horse, and wished to see his action, the dealer, with the help of a long stick, threw a noose over the horse's head, and pulled it tight round his throat. The bar which closed the pen was then let down, and the lad inside, keeping the other horses away from the opening, drove out the one which had been selected. He, of course, on finding himself on the open plain, immediately tried to run away; his escape, however, was not to be effected, for his owner had a firm hand on the rope round his neck, and a vigorous pull tightened the noose, so as almost to strangle the horse. The assistant having closed the pen, now came to his master's aid; and having forced a bridle on the head of the poor frightened brute, boldly jumped on his back. The colt, of course, resented this new aggression, by rearing, kicking, plunging, and doing all in his power to rid himself of his unceremonious rider; the Cossack, however, held fast by the mane, clung tightly with his legs, and kept a firm seat. Presently he urged on the horse, his master still holding the rope round the animal's neck. After a minute or two, the colt became more tranquil; the end of the rope was given to the rider, and he was left to take care of himself. He immediately set off at full gallop across the steppe, and returned after a while at the same pace, pulling up with some difficulty when he reached the spot from which he had started.

THE GAY WORLD OF PARIS.

On Thursday last the eminent American banker, Mr. Welles, gave a grand ball in his noble hotel, in the Place St. George. Eleven rooms, some of them very spacious, were opened for the enjoyment of the company—in number from five hundred to five hundred and fifty in the course of the evening. The conservatory of the accomplished hostess, which is rich in the rarest and most brilliant plants, and the Chinese boudoir, furnished from the Celestial Empire, were particularly admired. All the apartments were lighted in a way to give the finest effect to the whole scene. Among the guests werere titled dignitaries, financial *notabilities*, English and French, of the various degrees of fashion, and about one hundred and fifty Americans, certainly not inferior—especially the ladies—either in appearance or manner, to any denomination of the Europeans. The band consisted of thirteen of the best musicians, led by one of the brothers Strauss, immortal, as you know, by both the composition and performance of their waltzes. The dazzling gala was opened as early as nine o'clock, and broke up at three in the morning. Every one had reason to be satisfied; every part of the arrangement proved entirely successful. In short, the affair "went off" perfectly well—which is understood to be the main recompense of the taste and liberality exercised on such occasions by the hosts. In order to teach you how different is the situation of a Paris party-giver from that of a Mrs. Washington Potts, so happily related by Miss Leslie, I will mention that the directions for this splendid entertainment were prepared and distributed in the space of an hour; and that all was duly achieved, according to my narrative above, without further trouble or anxiety. The machinery here is so well contrived, and so familiar by incessant use, that the results come like those of the summons of Aladdin's lamp.

Monsieur and Madame Shiff, from New Orleans, resident in the Chaussée d'Antin, issued at the beginning of last week their cards for a ball on the 9th proximo. Two years ago they regaled two thousand acquaintances with a like festival. That now offered is limited to a thousand, a number not sufficient to fill their elegant apartments.

Yesterday (31st inst.), the stated *soirée* of Gen. Cass was uncommonly brilliant. The number of French and foreigners of distinction present was larger than usual. It included Lord and Lady Granville, the Turkish Ambassador and suite, and the heads of most of the Embassies. The proportion of Americans in the company fell short, owing to the attraction of Col. Thorn's grand ball given on the same evening. I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with the New York magnifico. As a street saunterer, I am familiar with his matchless equipages. One of his guests of yesterday evening, who had witnessed here, in Great Britain, and in Italy, similar galas in the most fashionable private mansions, informs me that Col. Thorn's ball transcended them all in every respect. I like to record the legitimate triumph of an American abroad when he does undertake to live in the highest style.

The two great *charity* balls, one for the Polish refugees, (of which *la Guiccioli*, once the favorite married mistress of Lord Byron, is a *lady* patroness,) the other for the pensioners of the Restoration Civil List, were announced, a fortnight ago, with promise of a splendid display. For the latter, application was made for three hundred tickets more than could be conceded. Strangers are eager for this annual pageant eleemosynary, because they expect the presence of most of the noblesse of the old *régime*, with their grand airs of traditional *haut-ton*. On Monday, 28th ult., it was given in the sumptuous saloons lately opened, in the Rue de Richelieu, of the new Club of the Two Worlds, (des Deux Mondes.) The reception rooms of the Tuileries are scarcely more magnificent. Everything in the ball harmonized with the decorations of this fairy palace; "pyramids of flowers; walls of mirrors; suns of tapers; arabesque galleries of orange, citron, and myrtle; an intoxicating orchestra; an exquisite, picturesque supper, &c. &c." These terms are not exaggerated, if I may credit some of my American friends, who thought the price of each ticket—four dollars—moderate for the splendors of the scene. You know that nothing curious, gorgeous, or modish, is to be seen here, which the Americans do not hasten to enjoy at any cost—whatever may be the "tears of the purse," the inclemency of the weather, or the protraction of the vigils. The chords of benevolence are moved in France chiefly by those of the violin. I have just read, in a paragraph of intelligence from the Provinces, that three Bishops had sent their subscriptions to balls undertaken for the relief of the neighboring poor.

The Legitimist journals make regular and ostentatious display of the principal Royalist *soirées*, for which, of course, higher dignity, taste, refinement, intellectuality, and delight, are emphatically claimed, than can possibly belong to the assemblages of *new* people—people without hereditary name or gusto, let their wealth or station be what they may. The Faubourgs St. Germain and St. Honore are the head-quarters of aristocratic fashion. In the St. Honore, the Hotel Castellane is the prime rendezvous, the English "nobility and gentry" of that quarter, and the grandees of Italy and Spain, being admitted. The host, the Count de Castellane, is a Mæcenas. Five hundred select dilettanti composed his company on Sunday evening last. They were entertained with two *proverbes*—short and familiar dramatic pieces—well played, with the reading of an inedited tragedy, which no regular dramatic corps will ever consent to play, though the work of a Viscount; with music by first-rate artists, including the new prodigy, Mademoiselle Garcia; and with chocolate, tea, and coffee, prepared to suit the relish of each of the nations that affect them respectively. The frequenters and trumpeters of the Legitimist Soirees do not fail to sneer at the Court circle, and the motley convocations of the new regime in every sphere.

Those very pestilent and horrible orgies, the public masked balls, multiply as the Carnival approaches, and the rage for them seems to extend beyond that of any preceding year. A young American friend told me yesterday, that he remained, last Sunday, from midnight till nearly two in the morning, at and about the Theatre de la Renaissance, endeavoring in vain to get access to the masquerade in the vast interior; and the [illegible] adjacent [illegible] were crowded with disappointed stragglers like himself—most of them in dominos or fancy dresses. Another, who succeeded early in penetrating, informed me that in a quarter of an hour the revolt of his moral [illegible] the whole spectacle became so strong as to stifle his first resolution and curiosity for the occasion; it took him more than an hour to work his way out of the dense crowd within, and the impression which he carried away was, that no truly respectable female could consent to be even a spectator for the short time which his feelings allowed him to pass in the mob of revellers. He had, however, seen the masquerades of the South of Europe.

The correspondents of the Paris press state that a large number of children, of a tender age, are taken to the masked balls of the Grand Opera, and they exclaim, aptly enough, "Poor little creatures, what are they to do there?"—"Is it their nurses who are to play at intrigue with them?"—(Pauvres petits! que viennent ils faire la? Nous ne devinons pas trop qui pourraient les intriguer, à moins que ce ne soit leurs nourrices.) What a school, indeed, for an infant! and what the soul of the parents who can send them thither, and who do so, probably, without remorse of conscience, owing to the influence of custom over their own minds as to the most dangerous forms of dissipation. Let these, at least, be guarded against in the United States! It is with a view to this caution that I have returned to the subject. London has adopted the mob-concerts *à la Musard*, and, perhaps, likewise, masked balls *à la mode de Paris*. The Atlantic is not more of a barrier against such infection than the British Channel.

The pressure and the heat on the floors of the Opera are suffocating; no regular dancing can take place; the density of the crowd favors or provokes grossness of deportment; the promiscuous disguise license of speech: the business has no piquancy except in what is irregular or illicit; it appears merely stupid or coarse to the disengaged spectator; but such is the passion of the mass of the Parisians of both sexes. It is no uncommon frolic for the bourgeois bucks and demi-reps, journeymen and grisettes, to be absent from their proper employments and lodgings, from Saturday afternoon to Monday afternoon, using the same dominos six or seven hours of the Sunday morning at one of the Opera balls, and the same portion of time from midnight on Monday at the masquerades in the Concert-rotundas.

European Correspondence of N. Y. American.

EPHRAIM BOND, THE GAMBLER.

The foreign correspondent of the Evening Star has furnished that paper with a series of sketches of "Green Room Loungers." They may be a little "overdone," but are surely amusing. Much of the following sketch our readers have already learned from Grant's Metropolitan Sketches, but it will bear repetition.

One of the most constant attendants behind the scenes and in the Greenroom of Drury Lane Theatre, is a tall, well made man, (about Hamblin's size and figure) who is dressed with great propriety,—that is, whose costume is of the best, in material and make, put on with elegance, but not aping the ultra Brummelism of Tom Duncombe (Madame Vestris's old friend) or Count D'Orsay. This man, of the kind usually called "well looking," is one whose features, if examined, shew how much the *animal* preponderates. It is the general aspect of the man which shows this, for the features are good enough taken separately. The forehead is high, though narrow—the eye keen, though small—the nose prominent,—the whiskers large—and the mouth, though sensual, extremely well cut. But view the face, taking in all these features together, and you must confess that it is a very animal one. The owner of this face is the famous (some put an *in* before the epithet) Ephraim Bond, a very intimate friend of Bunn, (to whom he has often given great pecuniary aid,) and the only man who has kept up any thing like a successful rivalry with Crockford, the great gambler.

I believe that Bond and his brothers belong to the Jewish persuasion. About nine years ago they used to get their living by selling sealing wax, penknives, walking sticks, pocket books, sponge, &c. in the streets—chiefly in Leicester square, a great thoroughfare. By dint of sheer industry they scraped together two or three hundred pounds, and got into partnership with this capital, with the owner of a gambling booth at Epsom race course. They spread their connexion, enlarged their capital by husbanding their profits, and soon became sole proprietors of a distinct establishment of their own. This they conducted in a very stylish manner, and as fairly, I believe, as such an affair is conducted. There were reports that, more than once, when a player who had won, was walking off with his gains, they forced a quarrel upon him, and the elder Bond (Ephraim) used to beat him. That Bond is a match in a boxing fray with the general run of men is very true, but, as all the beating in the world was not the way to bring the lost money from the pockets of the winners, I doubt that they ever did "try it on" in this manner. In fact, it was the excellent and stylish manner in which they carried on matters that made them friends. On the race course they had a few speculations on horses, and—having the ear of the jockeys—made money by it. They soon gave the cut direct to the gaming booth on the race course, and having amassed £10,000, took a house of play in St. James's street. Hither crowds of people who would not or could not go to Crockfords's, were glad to resort, and here the Bonds made and are making a princely fortune. It is not pretended that there is any unfair play at Bond's. There is none at Crockford's, and the chief difference between the two houses is that Crockford's costs its proprietor a great sum every year for wines, feasts, &c. while Bond's is much less costly.

The building of Crockford's cost £60,000, and the furniture and wines came to nearly £40,000 more. It is one of the best built and handsomest houses in London; but its interior is more like a palace than is Buckingham House, where the Queen resides. Carving, gilding, sculpture, make the rooms quite a shew to visit. There are not less than 800 subscribers (paying 10 guineas a year and 20 guineas entrance) and this £8000 or £10,000 a year, would never pay half the cost of the wine actually given to the members. There is in fact, little deep play until "the wine is in" and "the wit is out." Then the play is sure to commence in earnest. *Such* suppers! Ude is the cook, or rather the director, for he rarely operates himself. The actual value of the wines in Crockford's cellar (which runs under and across St. James's street) is now £80,000! This cellar is nearly 300 feet long, and contains nearly half a million bottles of wine. I do believe that at Crockford's and Bond's there is no unfair play. What is called the "turn of the tables" yields the profit. This must be large, as the expenses at Crockford's are £1000 a week, and about £500 at Bond's. The "points" in favor of the Bank (i. e. of the owner of the concern) are 100 per cent. per stake each hour, on French hazard. If £1000 stakes were risked each time, £1000 per hour would be lost by the players, without their having a shadow of a chance against it. Say that the play was 30 hours per week, the bank would, on this ground alone, win £50,000.

The Bonds could scarcely read or write—even after they had amassed a fortune. They then took lessons in both branches, and are able to read a bill and sign a check. Fphraim Bond is the best informed of the three. It was he who in 1834, became lessee of the Queen's theatre, and then of the Adelphi. The management of the first was very curious. All the pretty (vicious and pretty I should say) actresses in London were engaged at a heavy salary. To act?—no, at least not in pul li :. They were merely engaged to draw all the loose "young men upon town," and then the transition from the greenroom to supper at the gaming house, with play (by way of *devil*) was very easy. The Adelphi at the same time, was managed in the same way. The leader of the female corps was the notorious Mrs. Honey; and under her regone, the pieces were got up which displayed women almost naked on the stage with only a thin gauze between them and the audience. The town was placarded with announcements relative to "beautiful women," and never before was decency more outraged on the stage. Little Keeley, with a proper sense of propriety, refused to let his wife act with such a crew.

The hell kept by the Bonds is in St. James's street and called the Athenæum. The expenses are said to be from 500 to £1000 a week; the profits average from £5000 to £10,000 a week. It is said that Crockford is worth half a million sterling, and that the Bonds are worth half that. At their private tables are peers and commoners. But it is time I should wind up this sketch. And so good by to Mr. Ephraim Bond!

SULLIVAN, THE WHISPERER.

A CELEBRATED HORSE-BREAKER.

James Sullivan, who possessed the art of training the most furious horse by being permitted to be alone with him for a short space of time, is thus recorded in the "Survey of the County of Cork," by Townsend, who justly remarks that although the following facts appear almost incredible, yet they are nevertheless true, as he was an eye-witness to them:—

"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some color to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likoly to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it into practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted without show of resistance to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tete-a-tete* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and upon opening the door the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This too had been a troop horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tete-a-tete* shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting and attachment to his native soil were his ruling passions. He lived at home in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds.

THE HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA.

The continental papers bestow much attention upon the movements of the young heir of the throne of all the Russias, who, it is said, has proceeded from Italy to Vienna, whence he is to repair by the middle of this month to the Hague, and next to England. One of the latest politico-conjugal objects

ascribed to the travels of the Cesarewitsch Alexander Nicolacwitsch was a marriage with his first cousin Princess Louisa of Orange. Whether the match was ever contemplated or not, it is now represented as abandoned, and the Russian Court to have fixed its attention upon an Austrian Princess. With this scheme we find the Grand Duke's visits to Rome connected in the following passages of a foreign correspondence :—

"The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia has just left Rome, and is to repair to Vienna. In the Emperor's instructions to his eldest son, he was recommended to cultivate the friendship of the Roman Court, and render himself agreeably to the Holy Father. In compliance with this advice he has, during his stay in Italy, repeatedly visited the capital of the Catholic world ; recently, again, he suddenly arrived at Rome to attend the Carnival festivities, and celebration of the elevation of Gregory the Sixteenth to the pontifical throne. The Pope has omitted nothing. He gave a splendid reception to the future schismatic Emperor. Balls, fetes, and fireworks have been ordered for his imperial guest, who, overwhelmed with honors and blessings, has since proceeded to Vienna in order to seek a wife among the Austrian Arch-duchesses.

"Nicholas neglects no means of substantially establishing his influence in Germany, and to this end matrimonial alliances are the secret means. His design of becoming a member of the German Confederation is not a chimerical one. He has inherited it from his predecessor, Alexander. It is in virtue of the Duchies of Livonia and Courlande, which formerly rendered their possessors members of the German empire, that he aims at obtaining a vote in the Frankfort Diet.

"The Imperial House of Russia is connected with almost all the Protestant princely families of Germany, which second the views of the St. Petersburgh Court. The Catholic members of the Confederation, Saxony, Austria, and, above all, Bavaria, alone oppose its designs, and counterbalance its influence in German affairs.

"King Lewis of Bavaria is a fervent Catholic—the most German of all the German Princes, and therefore a decided opponent to Russian influence in the Confederation. Everybody remembers the successive visits paid last year to Munich by the Empress and Emperor of Russia. Their object was to marry their eldest daughter to the Prince Royal of Bavaria ; but all their efforts proved abortive, even though they promised that the Grand Duchess should embrace the Catholic Religion. It was only after losing all hopes of it that they turned their eyes upon Duke Maximilian of Leutchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnais, and nephew to his Bavarian Majesty. All Europe was at first surprised at the Emperor's selecting a Leuchtenberg for his son-in-law, when even the Portugese had considered his brother unworthy of the hand of their Sovereign. But if the attractive person of young Beauharnais has been of some weight in the selection, political considerations have also had their due influence. The Beauharnais family enjoy much popularity in Germany ; Duke Maximilian's marriage has made a deep impression throughout the country, and is still considered a much greater event than the marriage of a Prince of pure Royal blood would have been. The good wishes of the German people will accompany the young Duke to St. Petersburgh, and will be returned in the shape of an extension of Russian influence. Already is it affirmed that after his marriage he is to assume the titles of Grand Duke of Livonia and Courlande and Prince of Finland, and to spend some part of every year at Riga. The scheme, it is added, gives much satisfaction at Berlin, Munich, and even at Frankfort.

"Austria is now the object of Nicholas's conjugal felicity. According to the pragmatic law of the Russian Imperial Family, any foreign Princess marrying one of its members is compelled to embrace the Greek religion, which is that of the State, and to assume even other Christian name. Thus the present Empress is called Alexandra Theodorowna, though as a Prussian Princess, the daughter of King William the Third, she bore the names of Frederica Louisa Charlotte. To procure the hand of an Austrian Archduchess, it is not enough to obtain the consent of the Catholic and Apostolic Emperor, the scruples of the Court of Rome must also be overcome, and its good graces secured. Such would appear to have been the motive of the Grand Duke's visits to Rome, and of the obsequiousness of the most powerful member of the Greek church towards the head of the Church which it is most averse to ; such is the explanation of the unprecedented honors paid to a heretic Prince by the Pope, and of the courtesy displayed by him towards a Sovereign who has treated the Catholic Church of Poland with as little mercy as her nationality. The cabinet of St. Petersburg, to promote its views, has probably flattered the Pontifical Court, with the hope that Russia will some day renounce her schism and return to the bosom of the Catholic Church, when circumstances may prove favorable to so important a religious revolution ; and even the restless sagacity and craft which have survived the power and grandeur of the Vatican, are not proof against homage and blandishments that yield it the faintest prospect of recovering its ascendancy of old. Many recent occurrences, it must be owned, are but too well calculated to persuade "St. Peter's successor" that that ascendancy has now stopped in its decline of many a century."

Extract of a Vienna letter of the 5th inst.:—

"After the performances at the Court Theatre, on the 3d, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia honored the *soiree* of Prince Metternich with his presence. Yesterday, his Excellency M. de Tatischeff gave a grand dinner to his Imperial Highness, at which all the diplomatists in Vienna were presented to him. In the evening there was a concert at Court. Count Cerloff and M. de Tatischeff had the honor of dining with the Emperor on the 27th of February, and Prince and Princess Metternich have also been admitted to the same distinguished favor. His Majesty has departed from the rigid etiquette observed by the Emperor Francis, who never when at Vienna, admitted to his table any person except Princes and Princesses of sovereign houses. The Persian Ambassador has paid a visit to General Sir Henry Bethune, since his arrival here from Persia."

THEATRICAL GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE GUNPOWDER TREASON AND PLOT.

"The Fire King one day, rather amorous felt."
* * * * * * *
"And who is the actress he means to enthral,
In his cinder producing alliance?
'Tis V—s, not young and not over tall,
Who, like other combustible ladies, must fall,
If she cannot set sparks at defiance."—*Rejected Addresses.*

The last and present numbers of The Weekly Dispatch fully acquaint the public with all that has officially been promulgated respecting the late design to assassinate the countenance of the most popular actress of the British dominions, including the colonies. This "*traitorous and bloody-intended massacre, by gunpowder*" (to use the holy words of our sacred Liturgy), we have no hesitation to denounce as Satanic, diabolical, Plutonian, Luciferian, Tartarian, and truly Belzebubbian. The infernal catamaran scheme was engendered by a bloodthirsty American, a republican, and consequently a cannibal nurtured in an unhappy hatred of kings, bishops, and hereditary legislators, and of every blessing bequeathed to us by our ancestors,—an absolute heathen that does not believe in hell, the devil, damnation, and eternal punishments, or in any one thing sacred or respectable.

A war between the two nations is inevitable, and the late hostile demonstrations at New York and Washington, entirely proceed from this source. Lord Palmerston's letter to President Van Buren is a spirited and pathetic state paper, and though shown to us, by his Lordship's private Secretary, in confidence, we would lay it before our readers, but for an obscure passage, which seems to insinuate a hint or shadow of a suspicion, that this prince of devil's atrocious scheme may possibly be the entire work of the great anti-play-going civilization hater, the Bishop of London. The prelate is fierce, malignant, and cunning, and trickish at law, and, in terror of an indictment for libel, we suppress any further allusion to Lord Palmerston's letter. Thus far had we written when the following extraordinary correspondence was put into our hands. It is of national importance, if true. We do not vouch for its *entire* veracity, but it comes to us from a respectable source, and if, in any of its parts it turns out to be inaccurate, as lovers of truth our columns are open to correction.

Private correspondence between Charles Mathews, Esq., of the Olympic Theatre, and Lucifer Lancaster, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn-Pields, (Wall's-end-corner.)

No. I.

My dear Charley,—I am not to be humbugged any longer. 'Tis no go. I won't stand it. Joe Hume himself would not put up with it. You offcer £20 reward for the discovery of the assassin, and give me nothing for the concealment. £20 is more than I have had for all my ingenuity. You advertise £80 more for the conviction of the offender. I'll peach against myself for that sum, or I, and Bill Zatchell (you knows who) can manage it between us. Down with the blunt, or you knows what.

Mr. Charley Mathews, Esq. LUCIFER LANCASTER.

No. II.

My dear Lankey,—You are not a man of honor or decency, and remember the plot is none of yours. It was Madame that first suggested the necessity of kicking up a little bit of a sensation or sympathy, to help her through the season. It was my genius that thought of a gunpowder-plot to make a noise and smoke to blind stupid John Bull, and my talents that hit upon an American assassin. You proposed an Irish papist, which would have been only another Fifth of November joke—a Vestris Faub affair. O'Connel would have been at the Irish Lord Chamberlain, all the Irish reporters would have been at Madame, and the result must have been a miscarriage, a newspaper war, and a religious controversy—so I owe you nothing. Ever yours, CHARLES MATHEWS.

No. III.

Charley,—You are going it too strong. You try to pass me like dirt, but "Soon I'll demolish your noddle." Madame first suggested the bit of sympathy. I proposed an Irish Roman Catholic papister to please the Bishops. Power said he would not stand it. Madame said she would have a Yankee assassin, for all Yankees were vulgar, and she hated low people. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Jim Crow Rice, would not put up with it. You would have a Chartist for the assassin, and talked of Feargus O'Connor. Madame said that was bloody enough, but not sufficiently blackguard, so she would have a Yankee murder, and I agreed with her, so don't think of doing me, but pay me the reward of £100, Charley, Yours truly,

LUCIFER LANCASTER.

No. IV.

Sir,—I will pay you nothing, and Madame says she "serve me" if I do. You have ruined every thing by your blundering, and you dare not peach ; for you would write yourself down such an ass, that nobody would employ you in any plot. Mr. Morison, and even Almanac Murphy, would shy you, and Abdy would cry "Vestris," if you asked him for a job. "What a plotter!" You introduce sailors in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and I suppose would make judges and lawyers to be consorting at Wapping. You make three men to be in a certain description of corner, where there never ought to be but one at a time. You make yourself to stop as long as a Judge's black-cap yarn. You are as deaf as a post, and yet you pretend to overhear a street whisper. You next make your sailor in the Flushing jacket pull out a pocket handkerchief, when we all know that a sailor blows his nose in his fingers. You present to me a clean letter, saying that the Flushing-jacket sailor pulled that and the handkerchief out of the same pocket, when Sir Frederick Roe observed, "That a sailor's pocket handkerichief, if he had one, in half an hour, would make a letter as black and as greasy as a dishclout." You write your letter in cockney slang, and try to pass it off as "*Genuine 'Merican.*" You get your box made in Drury-lane, although it was to look as if it came from New York, and you put a new screw in it, which the carpenter, in Bow-street, said could not have been in the wood three days. You say, in your letter, that you "*will have no bloody corpsing work,*" you only want "*to tattoo her damned countenance,*" and that "*it will be enough to throw her into fits and blind her,*" and yet you put powder enough in the box to blow the ceiling of the room off. Why wrap the powder up in paper, or why not use a bit of an American newspaper, the President's Message, for instance! Your stupidity led that d—d journal, the Weekly Dispatch, to smell a rat, and *The Times* followed in the same scent, so we are blown. You are a marplot, and I'll pay you nothing. CHARLES MATHEWS.

No. V.

Charley,—If by two to-morrow you don't open, I'll split.

LUCIFER LANCASTER.

No. VI.

My Dear Lankey,—"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong." Dine with me and Madame, at Nothing-hill, on Wednesday ——. D—n the Bishop of London and his fasts. All shall be right, but be merciful, for I am *shackled* with Bow-street expenses, and I must pay something to —— who stamped on the box so courageously, and whose shoe and foot were so much hurt by the shock given to the delicacy of his nerves. Madame has written to Paul Pry Poole, offering him the £100 if he will write a farce, to be called "Venus Preserved ; or, A Plot Discovered." We will turn the whole into a joke, and good-natured John Bull will split his stupid sides with laughter, and so Madame will have sympathy at last.—Believe me, my dear Lankey, with great esteem, admiration, and attachment, yours, till death, C. MATHEWS.

Nothing-hill, Feb. 29, 1839.

ORIGINAL.

STEAMBOAT SONNETS.

BY M. FIELD, ESQ., OF THE ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE THEATRES.

TO A DRIFT LOG.

Whence comest thou, Old Log? How many years
Since thy young shoot peeped out upon the sky—
And saw the Sun, and threw aside its fears,
And proudly tossed its branches green on high?
Where art thou hurrying so reckless by?
To Natchez? New Orleans? or the Balize?
Or wilt thou pause upon some bank to lie,
To whiten in the sun and kiss the breeze?
Halls! Take care the paddles if you please—
Thump! Crack! Your poor old pate is torn to rag's!
'Tis in revenge for such assaults as these
You plant your roots again and turn to snags!
Alas! How well man's doom and thine agrees,
This is the river *Sticks* where go the poor dead trees!

TO THE DINNER-BELL.

Thou, Bell of Belly's! and, Thou Beau of Bells!
Ah! How my bel—I mean my bosom—swells
In fond anticipations of thy ringing!
My bowels clamour for thy clappers clang,
And never can know peace till thou has sang
Thy song more sweet than any other singing!
Those Evening Bells, are nothing to the sound
That charms *all* senses ; for its incense flinging,
And savoury odours scattering around
Announce e'en now the welcome dinner bringing.
Oh! I have loved thee with a constant clinging,
Dear Dinner Bell! Thou know'st how true and long,
And even now I hunger for thy ringing ;
Ding Dong!—Hurrah! I'll lose my seat!—Ding Dong!

TO SOMEBODY.

Sonnet to Somebody! No matter who,
I dont know whether she be brown or fair,
And heaven may choose the colour of her hair.
Her eyes perhaps are hazle, may be blue ;
I only stipulate she shall have two.
Her lips I know are red, and made for kissing
And no great matter if the tongue be missing.
Her charms are either numerous or few ;
Her form perhaps is faulty if not true.
Her nose—I doubt not there are many such ;
'Tis either Roman, Grecian, or a Dutch,
And when its cold I daresay it is blue.
But she's as beautiful as summer roses,
And how I love her "is a sin to Moses."

THE OPENING OF PANDORA'S BOX.

Ladies and Gen'lemen, valk up and see
The vonderful box of Pandorar—
The Fair Maid of Kent, who, between you and me,
Is down as a plank at a *floorer*.
Her box full of sickness as the *Cyc-la-des*,
No Radical cure for 'em,—Rot 'em!
In every corner you'll find a disease,
With hope—of a husband—at bottom!

(*Spoken.*)—Valk up, Ladies and Gen'lemen, valk up—jist a going to begin—jist a going to open the vonderful box of Miss Pandorar, vot plays upon a Hirish arp with *Roman* strings, picks her teeth with Scotch thistles, and makes the British Lion lie down with the Lamb. Ven she opens her box she opens her mouth, and out pops, first and foremost, a Hirish Hammeredge or Dacentry, vot makes people die of a flow of blood. You obsarve vot a hill-looking wagabone the feller is. Vot a bloodthirsty pike he bears in von and, and a blunderbuss in t'other. *Vy* its called a *blunder*-buss, Ladies and Gen'lemen, is more as I knows ; cos it is jist the sort o'thing vot makes no blunders, and no mistake. This is the malady vot cuts off the Nobility of Hireland, and Doctor O'Connell says he generally vears "a fashionable boot," Next, Ladies and Gen'lemen, pops out St. Feargus's Fire. See vot a red head, vot a flaming torch, and willanous dagger, the rascal has got! This disease is called the *Hurry-sip-alas!* cos it comes from drink—makes people red in the face first, and black arterwards—at *the last drop* ; ven they have Cotton in their ears. Then comes an ague from Canaday, vich can't be cured by American Soothing Syrup nor Durham Mustard. Cos vy? The only thing vot *can* cure it is Colborne Ketch-up. Mr. Roebuck and his friends has taken these room-attics. *Some* on 'em are now in the *ground* floor! Twig the cove in the yellow turban. That, Ladies and Gen'lemen, is a Liver Complaint from Hingy. He is a *Punjab-ber*, like Mister Hook, with a warming plaster of Russian pitch sticking to his side. Like Mister Cuthbert Rippon, he is very *billious*—black in the face ; but the Musky-*vites* will cure all that. Next, Ladies and Gen'lemen, there is the French Gun-awry vot can never shoot Louis Philippe ; cos vy? *Nuffum* can't touch that 'ere King but a dose of Spanish Flies. And, lastly, Ladies and Gen'lemen, there is that ill-looking wagabone in Belgic Blouse and Jesuit's cap ; that is the Roman Malaria. King Leopold has been attacked by it. His Majesty will be cured by a Dutch dance. *Chasséz* first like Charles X., and *croisez* afterwards over to us, like Louis le Desire. Benvenuto!

Ladies and Gen'lemen, valk up and see
The vonderful box of Pandorar—
The Fair Maid of Kent, who, between you and me,
Is down as a plank at a floorer!

MAGAZINE DAY.

The most remarkable feature in modern book-selling is the trade in periodical literature. "Magazine Day" is a sort of a monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye ; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as is periodical literature on that day. The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start, when their distribution is about to take place, is, as in the case of larger works, Paternoster Row ; which, with that fondness for brevity of expression, so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called "The Row." The actual publishers of periodicals have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have even any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day. * *

The quantity of business which some of the larger houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from £1200 to £1500. Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from twopence to three shillings and sixpence, which must be turned over from the shelves of this establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! * * The constant bustle kept up from morning till night, in these wholesale houses, exceeds anything of which a person who has not witnessed it could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty wedged into a shop of ordinary size. * *

To a person acquainted with such matters, who chanced to spend a few minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred, is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine," never gets any other name than the "Gents." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of ans. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" is the "Ency. Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts." The "Ladies Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the dyssyllable of "Ladies ;" so that it is quite common to hear one person sing out in one breath, "two Gents," "six Taits," and "four Blackwoods."

I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade ; so it is also that of another class of persons ; I mean authors of books and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine Day, by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices ; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are down to the same locality, to see whether their notices are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents.—Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom is, in such cases, so intense that they will rather walk from the most distant part of London to the Row—the magazines being there first seen—then wait for 2 or 3 hours till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked ; when it is otherwise, they reproach themselves with their folly, in having tormented themselves before the time. Magazine Day is not confined to the Metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row on Magazine Day, are in the hands of readers in the remotest part of the country, in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off in monthly parcels, to the country, is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the biblioplic market. Travels in Town.

DEER HUNT IN LOUISIANA.

VIDALIA (La.), March 18, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Since the hasty communication I made to you not long since, we have had the most triumphant hunt (I think it was in Dec.) which we have ever had, or any other Club, within my knowledge. It was on the island in Lake Concordia. This island is three or four miles long, and averaging one broad. I verily believe it is the best hunting-ground in the State. The Lake on either side is at least three-fourths of a mile broad, being the former bed of the Mississippi river. Its bosom (the island) is covered by dense cane-brakes and briar-patches, all of which are shaded by tall and majestic forest trees. But at short intervals, it is intersected by sloughs, that run it lengthwise. Into those sloughs, when started, the deer almost invariably run, until they are hard pushed, when they as invariably course along the edge of the Lake, so as to be convenient to water in case of thirst or emergency.

On the day to which I refer, we were in the drive by nine in the morning. It was a clear, beautiful day. The hunters separated for their respective stands ; Judge K——n and myself went togetner. The hounds, not more than two hundred yards from where we landed, started from cover a noble buck, who bounded away with all the stateliness and majesty of his kind. Out he rushed, within fifteen feet of Judge K——n, who fired on him so quick and hastily, that he only struck him on the lower jaw. Onward he came, like a very tempest, immediately towards me, but having leaped from my horse, he discovered me, and sheered so effectually, that I was unable to get a shot. The dogs came gallantly up, and we having mounted, joined the pursuit, dashing on over briar and brake, until we struck, at a mile distance, the western shore of the Lake. Having made a halt for the purpose of ascertaining their direction, I heard a rush in the cane behind me, and turning, saw him standing at a hundred paces distant, ruminating what course to pursue—water or no water, is the question. At length he decided in the negative, and here he came obliquely towards me. I fired on him at the distance of forty paces, breaking both fore legs, and planting five buck shot in his chest.

While we were standing over the "dead body of Cæsar," I discovered one of our dogs half across the Lake, "buffeting the waves with lusty sinews." I immediately gave a blast or two on my horn for his recall, but all in vain ; onward he went, and, as the result evinced, was in pursuit of a large buck Not more than fifty yards from the shore he jumped him again. I had my eye in search of his whereabouts, when I saw a bound and a splash, and to my great delight, a forest of antlers, moving towards the spot where I stood. I commenced loading with great rapidity ; whether he saw me or not, I cannot tell, but he struck off up the middle of the lake, and stood for the bank, closely sheltered by some undergrowth. I managed to keep up with him for a quarter of a mile, when he made towards shore. Ensconced behind a cluster of briars, I awaited impatiently, as you may be sure, the approach of the "noble Dane," who bore such stately "honors thick upon him." He is on the shore, and has shaken himself most lustily. He has smelt me—he is gazing in every direction. By the immortal gods! here he comes at a smart trot. The report of old "South Carolina" rings through the woods, as clear and loud as a summer thunder-clap. No sooner down than skinned.—No! No sooner down than up, and away he went! He ran like a scared dog about two hundred yards, and lay down. I was unable to approach near enough to get a shot, for he was again up and "on the wing." He lying down, and I pursuing, was the "order of the day" for half a mile, when I lost him in a thick cane-brake. Having seated myself on a log, I blew my horn, Boreas like, until I had no longer breath, for the sake of getting canine assistance ; but all in vain. At length I found his track and blood, and urged my way by their *light* through the brake, when at length, alarmed at my approach, he arose, and at that instant I discovered him. The lead that old "South Carolina" sent forth this time was sent on the errand of death. He was not fat, but had the largest frame I had ever seen ; he was an old veteran, and had had previously one fore leg broken, and one ear shot so badly as to *slouch*. I seated myself on his warm carcase, and winded my horn, and that was "Othello's occupation" for at least three hours ; and by this time I had grown as angry as a Northeaster, without dreaming that others might be employed in the same way. At length there came D——n and Judge K——n. "By the gods, boys," said I, "have you any old Kentuck?"—"No, but D——n had some of the fiery cogniac." It was quaffed. "What luck?" "D——b, of Natchez, had killed two, and C——s one ; and for my single self," says D——n, "a fawn have I borne down in single fight."

When we arrived at our boat, all the hunters were in save our humble selves. The news of my flinging two bucks had preceded me. On our approach, S——w and D——b met us with the bottle, presenting it to me, as he who had "enacted more wonders than a man." Our boat is from her moorings, and over the bosom of the crystal Lake, onwards she speeds towards home and its endearments.

M.

THE STRANGER'S TALE.

"Telling you the date of my story, gentlemen, will make me an old man, for,—bless me, how time flies, and carries away youth and vigour with it!—it will be full thirty years next month since the facts I am about to recount occurred. Any of you that travelled here by the northern road may have remarked, about eleven miles from this, and two or so from the road, upon the left hand, the roofless remains of what was once a large two-storied house. The high, naked walls, standing lonely upon the heathy moor, would be of themselves apt to attract one's notice; but the three or four tall, spectral-looking trees, watching like sentinels over the deserted ruins, are so picturesque, though out of keeping with that sterile and desolate tract, that it is scarcely possible they could be passed by any one without observing them, and at the same time casting a thought back into former times, and wondering what could have been the object of any man in choosing so melancholy and wild a site for what must once have been a spacious and handsome building. Its decayed appearance and untoward circumstances are likely, too, to give rise to a passing reflection upon the many vicissitudes it has necessarily witnessed: and, perhaps, a surmise as to the strange events of which its remoteness and isolation rendered it the fitting as well as the likely scene. Of these I know but little, though in my youth I have heard not a few marvellous tales of its original proprietor; but to make mention of these would be beside my purpose, which is merely to relate what befel myself, chiefly in that building, on the very last night it was inhabited. It was about four, then, of a winter evening, that I stopped to bait my horse at the sign of the 'Rose and the Thistle,' a small house of entertainment which was about eight miles off this ruin upon the hither side. I had ridden above twenty miles that afternoon, and had yet as much more to perform before I slept. But I was then young and stout, and mounted upon as free-going and high-mettled a piece of stuff as ever champed a bit; so that I cared little for the distance or the fatigue. But, independently of my own willingness and my horse's ability, I had other reasons for pushing on without delay. I had with me five hundred pounds in gold, besides bank notes and bills to a considerable amount, which I was carrying to a commercial house in which my father was a partner. There were some engagements to be discharged the following day, for which this money was required; and, as you know, gentlemen, exigencies of this nature must be consulted, I had no alternative but to proceed, even though my circumstances had been much more formidable than they were. The day had been intensely cold, and the dull, lowering clouds, which thickened gradually overhead, betokened a heavy fall of snow; so that I feared if I waited until morning the road would be impassable, while I hoped that by moving on briskly at once I might anticipate all hindrance, or, at least, so far lessen the distance between me and my destination as to render it comparatively easy of attainment the following forenoon. The man of the house, who came in while my horse was feeding, urged strongly that it would be sheer madness to proceed, as he knew with certainty—and he was pretty well versed in the signs of the weather thereabouts—that a 'swirling snowstorm,' as he phrased it, was close at hand. He told me, likewise, that the part of the country before me bore but a very indifferent character; and added a curdling account of a man who had been murdered, robbed, and thrown into a moss-hole a few weeks before: and of the bodies of two others which had been found lower down in the same pit, so well preserved by the bog water as to be readily recognised as those of two gentlemen, father and son, who had been missing for eighteen months before. I confess this dismal story somewhat chilled me; but youth is aye reckless, and apt to make light of danger; and at that time I loved risk even for its own sake; so I only thanked him for his friendly counsel, and told him that I had no choice, and, besides, was so well armed and mounted as to care but little whom or what I met. Seeing me determined, he said no more, but wished me good speed; and observed, as he looked out, that certainly I had a good chance of being unmolested by any thing living,—for no evilly-intentioned person would think it worth his while to take the road on such a night. My horse was now ready, and so, having examined my pistols, supplied them with fresh priming, placed them in my breast beyond the reach of damp, and swallowed a stirrup-cup, I mounted, and enjoying that pleasurable excitement which youth and strength experience at the approach of danger, gave Spleen the spur, and started forward at a pace which, had the weather forborne, and no mishap befallen, would speedily have brought me to my journey's end. But it was too evident that the former, at least, was not to be the case; for every minute the sky grew more dark and scowling, and every thing became more strongly symptomatic of a storm. During the day, the clouds had been driving in tumultuous masses before a blustering north-east wind; but now the air was perfectly still, and they hung heavy and motionless above—a dull and monotonous canopy for as dismal and dreary a scene as man might ever wish to look on. All was sunk into a portentous quietude and silence, and except the ringing of my horse's hoofs upon the iron ground, and, now and then, the wild and querulous cry of a snipe, as, startled by my approach, it circled a few moments in the air, and then dropped again by its lonely pool, there was no sound or sign of life to be heard or seen. Presently, however, the wind awoke, and came, occasionally, sweeping with slow-drawn and ominous moan across the darkening moor, and, passing by me, gradually died sadly and dirgely away in the gloomy distance; while a few large feathery flakes of snow floated gracefully along upon it, or, in the intervals, fell softly upon the frozen and now whitening ground.

"But the melancholy moan soon grew into a bitter wailing, and the burdened wind swept loudly and wildly over the quivering heath, the snow-flakes tossing in tumultuous confusion in the thickened air, or, in the somewhat awful intervals between the blasts, falling fast and thick upon the sheeted earth, every feature of which was soon lost under the spotless covering. The shadows of night too, were now settling mistily over all, and I confess the prospect a little chilled my ardour, and made me almost repent of not having taken the worthy publican's advice, and deferred facing the difficulties of the journey till I had light, at least, to aid me. But I was now some miles upon my way, and would not think of turning back; and so, as I saw the day waning apace, and the menaces of the weather becoming more confirmed, I only the more keenly pricked Spleen's mettle with the spur, that I might leave as much ground behind me possible, before any serious impediment was offered to my progress. It was about this time I passed a miserable sod-built hovel, within a few yards of the road. In my present wakeful state of suspicion, I scanned it narrowly as I approached, but seeing no light, I concluded it to be deserted. However, after I had passed it, I heard a noise behind, and, glancing round, saw a shutter pushed aside, and a man's head, clearly visible by the light of a blazing peat fire within, thrust through the aperture. The fellow withdrew it almost immediately, pulled the board across again, and all was once more dark; but, during a momentary lull, I thought and correctly too, that I caught the suppressed muttering of voices, and a sound like the opening of a door. I made, however, but little of it at the time, and was pushing on with all speed, when my attention was recalled to the circumstance by hearing a noise like the cracking of ice, under footsteps, which seemed at no great distance from me, and proceeding in a parallel line. It was only at intervals the sound reached me, through the rush and howling of the wind; and the driving snow so intercepted my vision, that I could not, with any certainty, conclude as to its cause. But, at length, a loud crash, accompanied by a deep angry curse, left me but little room for doubt; and, at the same time, a furious gust cutting a vista through the snow, gave to my straining sight an indistinct view of the figures of two men at some short distance from the road. One had apparently broken through the ice which covered a bog hole, and was sunk nearly to the middle in it, while the other was standing upon the edge, trying to extract his unlucky comrade with the aid of what seemed to me a gun—a task in which, alarmed as I was by the latter supposition, I was by no means disposed to wish him speedy success. Inwardly praying that he might enjoy some little time longer the bracing benefits of the cold bath which, I doubted not, he had richly earned, I taxed my horse's energies to the utmost; but, though the high-bred animal obeyed the call with redoubled efforts, yet plunging, as he did at every step nearly knee-deep in the snow, his progress was necessarily so slow, that an active man, assisted by a staff, could easily have kept on with him side by side. That my suspicious acquaintances were again on the move, and keeping pace with me, an occasional patter or plash made me disagreeably certain; but, at length, they seemed to pass me, for the sound of their footsteps gradually died away a-head, and left me undistracted to deal with the difficulties of my situation. Not unwilling to increase the interval between us, I now slackened my rate to breathe my horse, whose strength I wished to reserve for any exigency that might occur. The falling snow had by this time thinned a little, and gave a freer passage to the pallid moonlight, which, struggling faintly through the giddy atmosphere, enabled me to decry, at some distance before me, an old wall, whose position in respect to the road was, in my present circumstances, any thing but propitious or encouraging. I was just thinking how safely a footpad might lurk behind it, and give any unlucky traveller, like myself, his quietus, with about as much certainty as a poacher would pop a pheasant perched upon a tree, when I suddenly discerned the flutter of a coat through a rent in the wall, and required no further intimation to assure me that I was waylaid. What I should do, was my first thought; but this, though a weighty consideration, was speedily disposed of. It went against my temper to turn back; which, besides, would add but slightly to my chances of escape, and I at once resolved to go forward, at all hazards. Accordingly, I kept Spleen well in hand, and gathered up for action, if occasion should require. I also, as quietly as possible, so disposed the handle of a pistol that it might be ready for use at a moment's warning; and then, determined to try what a feint might do for me in this extremity, moved on slowly, and with counterfeit unconsciousness of danger. But, when I had reached the wall, and was within a few yards of the aperture through which I expected the ambushed robber would give his fire, I suddenly struck my spurs into Spleen with such heart and good will, that he shot forward like an arrow from a bow, and, so far as the wall had sheltered the road from the drifting snow bore me away with a speed which defied pursuit. To this *ruse* I feel certain, under Heaven, I owed my life; for it was the unlooked-for change in my rate of going which confounded the unwary marksman, and made him fire at a mere venture as I darted by, so that the charge passed harmless behind me, and happily found a lodging elsewhere than had been charitably assigned for it.

"As I urged Spleen forward, I heard the ruffian's voice behind me.

"'Sdeath, Bill! up with your piece, and blaze at him when the horse boggles at the snowdrift, and we may drop him yet. Curse on you!—over the wall fast, or he'll escape us, gold and all—hurry, hurry—hit either horse or man, and I'll soon finish him with this bay'net!'

"I threw a hurried glance backward, as the villain spoke, and saw his comrade clambering over the wall, to act upon his counsel. Before me was a deep wreath of snow, through which I knew my horse would flounder with exceeding difficulty, and I was for a moment puzzled as to my line of action. But there was not even a moment to be lost, and pulling out a pistol from my breast, I turned round in my saddle, and, taking such aim as I could at the fellow on the wall, I fired, and had the immediate satisfaction of seeing him tumble backward, and disappear behind it. The rascal, however, as I subsequently learned, was not hit; but being flurried by the fire, had, on recoiling from it, only lost his balance, and fallen on the further side. As I struggled through the wreath, I heard the bitter curses of the disappointed ruffians.

"'Give me your gun, you footless, blundering booby!' cried the former speaker, 'and by ——, if I do not bring him down, I'll crack it across your ugly sconce, and stretch you on the ground you seem so fond of this cursed night.'

"I here caught the click of a gun-lock, but, thanks to the snow, it served me at least once that night, and had soaked the powder so properly, that the sound of the collision of flint and steel was all I caught. The distance between us, now that I had cleared the drift, was rapidly increasing. The fellows, either unable to bear the pace, or checked by a wholesome respect for the firearms with which they found me furnished, gave up the pursuit; and I was soon glad to slacken the exertions of my horse, who began to shew symptoms of distress as, ploughing and plunging heavily through the gathering heaps, he laboured the difficult way slowly on. The whole surface of the ground was now completely sheeted; the flat, shrubless waste, presented but one unbroken field of white, so far as the dubious moonlight permitted me to see; and the boundaries of the road were rapidly disappearing in the deepening snow, which promised soon to assimilate all things in the scene. I now began to fear for the safety of my horse's footing. On either side there were, I knew, deep fosses, into which a slight deviation on his part might precipitate us both; and, from the growing numbness and feebleness of my limbs, I felt that extrication would be impossible and that wherever I fell, there I would probably find my grave. In this extremity I began to feel despair coming coldly over me. I knew I was not yet half way; I remembered no house or shelter of any kind near me; to turn, would be bootless; to proceed, was nearly impossible, for my horse was already wading almost breast-high through the snow, which was momentarily stiffening and accumulating. It was in vain that I strained my vision through the misty atmosphere, in the effort to descry some hut which might afford me covering, and my hearing, in hope to catch the baying of some restless watch-dog: neither sight nor sound was seen or heard, save the bleak waste of snow on every side, and the fitful wailing of the nightwind, as now it moaned sadly away in the distance, or now howled fiercely as, laden with its icy burden, it rushed wildly along as if exulting in the desolation it was spreading on all around.

"In this perilous predicament, I determined to trust to the sagacity of my horse. I knew that, in many cases, instinct is superior to reason, and doubted not but that if there were a house within any reasonable distance, the poor fellow would snuff it out, and do his best to carry himself and rider to its friendly shelter. Accordingly, I threw the reins upon his neck, and shortly had the satisfaction of seeing him turn at right angles from our route, down what I inferred to be a road, from the firmness of the footing—pricking up his ears, and stepping more freely, or, I should rather say, struggling more energetically forward, as if he had a shrewd presentiment that the termination of his labours, as well as their reward, was at hand. He was, however, so long reaching this, that my confidence in his acuteness began to abate, and I was relapsing into hopelessness, when suddenly he turned again, and struck into what appeared to be a narrow avenue, as there was a high wall-fence at either side. I soon now perceived, a few tall trees, darkly waving their naked branches in the blast; their weather sides here and there thinly coated with such snow as the violence of the wind permitted to remain. They were the same which still sentinel the dismantled building, of which they were once intended to be the ornament; and there was now something striking and awful in their tall dark forms, tossing their leafless boughs to and fro to the varying music of the storm, and contrasting so gloomily as they did, with the snow-shrouded scene around. With a kind of ominous dread, I passed under their moaning branches, and, in a few moments, pulled up before a large dilapidated house, of which they were the fitting, and, at first it seemed, the only guardians. The place looked suspicious, and I stopped for a minute to reconnoitre. It was two stories high, and had been intended to have four or five windows to each in front, but several of the recesses which these should occupy were now dark voids, and rough projections here and there where the windows still remained, told of damaged glazing and unseemly substitutes. The roof had fallen in in several places, and the whole wore such an appearance of wretchedness and neglect, that, taking it in connexion with the adventure I had lately met, some unpleasant misgivings crossed my mind as to the nature of its tenants, if such it had, for as yet I had neither seen nor heard aught betokening the existence of life within. I now dismounted, and fastening Spleen to a stake, approached the house on foot, to scan its circumstances more narrowly. As I drew closer, I caught, at intervals, the sounds as of jollity within, though I could see no light whatever, as the windows were choked up with snow, as was likewise every cranny in the door, through which I might otherwise have gained a peep into the interior. However, stepping silently up to a window, I cautiously scraped the snow off a corner of a pane, and was at once presented with a view of the inside. The apartment I saw was large and bare, meanly and scantily furnished. At one end of it there was a dull peat fire, over which the figure of a female, seated on a low stool, was bending. The elbow of one arm was resting on her knee, the hand being buried in tresses of raven-black hair, which clustered thickly and carelessly about her neck and shoulders. In the other hand she held a pair of tongs, with which she was measuredly striking the sods, to all appearance intently employed in watching the volleys of sparks sent up by the operation. Beside her, on the hearth, crouched an ill-favoured sinister-looking cur, who soon suspecting the proximity of strange flesh and blood, first indicated his misgivings in a low growl, then curled the rigid hair upon his back, and finally gave vent to his confirmed apprehensions in a whole gamut of discord. This obstreperousness quickly roused the female from her reverie.

"'Quit your snarling, you cross-grained tyke,' said she, 'or I'll soon give you some cause.' And forthwith, without granting the offender the least time to fulfil her injunction, she transferred the tongs to his back, with a heartiness of manner which speedily converted his bark into into a howl, as he smartly, though sullenly, slunk into a corner.

"'What the de'il are you doing to the dog, Nan?' growled a hoarse voice from the inner room.

"'Only coaxing him, for the love of you, to a stave in the song you've just now let off—he does it so mighty like,' returned the girl, while a burst of merriment from within shewed how highly relished was the jest.

"'What say you, Mistress Nan, to my coming in there to you, and coaxing you to sing a third?—your tongue plays so gay and glib to-night.'

"'Oh! by all means, come in, Swag; and if I can't sing myself, I'll do my best to beat time with the tongs here to a ballad between you and snarley. I'll deal fair with you both, and give it to you stoutly; turn about.'

"Another shout of laughter hailed Nan's retort, and seemed to discomfit her opponent, who couched his rejoinder in a grumbling undertone, of which I could not catch the purport. The woman now turned her face in my direction, and bent herself towards the door, as if in the attitude of listening. I now saw she was young; her features were strikingly marked, and, singly, handsome, though their general expression seemed marred by the frequent play of unchecked passion; her complexion was very dark, and fitly akin to the coal-black locks which hung in tangled confusion from her head. But there was a wild gleam in her black eye, a fixedness in her brows, and a general expression of severity in her countenance, which injured her natural advantages, and indicated character at the expense of amiability. She looked from the door to the window at which I stood, and seemed at once to remark the dark spot from which I had scraped the snow, for she immediately rose from her seat, and, throwing a glance backward toward the inner room, where the men were carousing, advanced cautiously to the front door. I approached as she opened it. When she first saw me, she put her finger upon her lips, and scanned my face in silence with a keenness and earnestness for which I could not well account, and then, after nearly a minute's intent contemplation, whispered me in a low thrilling tone.

"'Sir, if you are not yet tired of life, cross not this door-way: better try and live out this night abroad, terrible though it is, than come under the roof that harbors bad—ay, and what's worse, bloody-minded men.'

"In the same cautious under-tone, I answered that I was most thankful to her for her friendly warning, and inquired if there were any place of better character at hand, where I might obtain some shelter from the storm in which I had already nearly perished. She replied, that there was not another roof within two miles of the spot on which I stood; but for all that, advised me rather to face the weather without, than enter under one which covered men of whom even the mothers that bore them could say but little good.

"'They have ruined and brought me low,' added the girl, bitterly, 'and why should I be too tender to speak the truth?—You think it strange,' continued she, 'that I should speak so freely, and urge you to shun company which I keep myself: it is not innocence or fear of crime which makes me warn you—no, that is long past,—but when I looked upon you, your face reminded me of a brother whom I dare love even still, and who once loved me; and the sudden thought of him made me wish to see you leave this bad and blackened spot without harm or molestation.'

"'It is better,' said I, 'to risk one's life among men, than to lose it miserably in the snow. I am strong, you see, and well-armed, and would rather run the venture within here, than be buried, like a sheep, in one of these drifts, as I assuredly shall if I remain without this fearful night. But is there no barn or outhouse into which I could obtain secret entrance for a few hours, till the morning breaks? Come, you are a kind-hearted girl; there is a spring of tenderness I see within you yet; and so, for the sake of the brother of whom you spoke, bring myself and my horse under the cover of some such place.'

"She drew her hand hurriedly over her eyes as I mentioned her brother, and after hesitating a little, replied, 'Should they find out that I helped you to escape, it would go hard with me. I know from your appearance, for I heard them describe it, that you are the man who was sent by some merchants yesterday for some money, and with the gold you carry, small chance of mercy would you have if they could lay hands upon you. They found out that you were to return to-night, and at the present minute there are two men out on the watch for you. You say I am not *all* bad; I wish I could believe you; but whether or not, I have done much evil, and if I can, would now do a little good, for my heart is beginning to grow sore with sin.—If you go round by this path, you will reach the yard; the gate is unfastened, and you may walk through it to the barn, which is on the opposite side. It opens by a latch, and yourself and horse may stay there till day-light breaks; but if you care anything for your life, and would not have the wild wind whistle over your grave in the moss, as it did over—— But, tut, what am I talking about? Hasten fast away, and just now I'll try and bring you something to drive out the cold.' But stop, there are two fierce dogs in the yard, that might do damage, and I,' throwing a glance back, to see that all was safe, I will go with you myself. But, remember, I hold you bound, if you escape by my means, not to betray our haunts; for though these men have been my curse and my destruction, it goes against my temper to act the traitor while I am trusted by them.'

"'No,' said I; 'I make no engagement. I could not wink at the existence of such a murderous gang. You, at all events, shall be unharmed; but if I escape and have the power——'

"Just as I spoke the imperfect sentence, a tremendous gust of wind swept down the lane, and rushing through the inlet, burst open the inner door, and displayed to each other ourselves and the party within. They could not see me distinctly, as being in the shade; and as they were near that state in which men see double, were startled at first, as if taken by surprise.

"'Fire and faggots!' stammered out a fellow, as he staggered forward from his seat, 'to think that Nan has peached! But at 'em boys, at em; if we must die, we'll die game; better, my coveys, to be shot than hung!'

"A kick in the rear, from the man who had been sitting at the head of the table, and who seemed to be in better possession of his senses, sent the witless babbler head-foremost into a corner, where he lay for a time in a state of the most satisfactory quiescence. The fellow who administered this timely and energetic stimulus, shading his eyes with one hand, and thrusting the other into the breast of his coat, advanced a few steps towards the door.

"'Eh, Nan, who is this you are palavering with at this hour, on such a night?'

"'A belated traveller,' said I, stepping forward into the house, 'who is seeking some shelter from this terrific storm, and this good girl was so civil as to say that she was sure I could find accommodation and a welcome here; and I am certain myself you will have no objection to afford me house-room till the morning. You seem pretty jovial and comfortable within there, lads,' added I, with a hail-fellow-well-met kind of air, 'and are, I feel confident, too generous and jolly-hearted to grudge a poor half-perished fellow like me a bit and a sup such a night as this."

"As I advanced into the light, and addressed them, I saw them interchange lightning looks of recognition of my person, for my appearance had served not a little to clear their vision, and restore them to their sober senses. When I had done, the same spokesman, falling into the tone of honest rusticity, smoothly replied, 'Oh! sir, we'll be most glad of your company, that we will, and treat you as well as we can in our rough, homely way. It is, indeed, a fearful night, which makes one thank Heaven for fire and shelter; and we were just trying, after our day's labor, to pass it as merrily as we could. A spree now and then is good for poor folk like us, just to keep up our heart, and someway balance the hardships of our wearisome and working life.'

"I answered in an easy, careless way, anxious to suppress any symptoms of fear which my situation amidst such a gang of desperadoes, headed by such a varnished villain as had just spoken, might naturally have begotten. I felt, however, that my own address was all I had to look to for escape from their clutches, and determined to lull them, if possible, by my openness and confidence of manner, into such a state of security, as, by rendering them less vigilant, might facilitate the execution of any plan my lucky genius might suggest. The smoothness and plausibility of the leading ruffian, who rejoiced in the appropriate *sobriquet* of Triptoe, alarmed me more than his physical strength, and I saw it would require no ordinary degree of tact and coolness to baffle his subtle villany.

"'Come, sir,' said he, with the fuss of honest hospitality, 'come, sir, take a seat here near the fire, and make yourself as snug as our poor way will allow. Here, Swag, set a seat next the hearth; and you, Jem, throw on two or three fresh logs, and back them well with dry turf, while I go and try to get something fitter for the gentleman, and more to his taste than what's in the bottle here.' And opening a small cupboard in the corner, he brought out a capacious flask, labelled '*Cognac*,' which he set before me. A glass of its contents, which I was glad to quaff off on the instant, satisfied me that it was prime; and the fellow seeing, I suppose from my countenance, that I was surprised to find such stuff in such a place, had a ready story to account for it.

"'You wonder, sir, to see liquor of such quality among poor people like us; but I got that from a second cousin of mine who lives in the Isle of Man, where, I'm told, it is as cheap as buttermilk; and I'm glad truly to have it for any gentleman that, like you, happens to lose his way, or be overtaken by the night in this wild place. Don't spare it, sir, 'twill do you good after the famishing you've got, and soon make all cold and care scarce with you. Hark ye, Nan,' continued he, 'put the bellows to the bottom of the kettle, and blow away merrily, for the gentleman will need to mix a glass or two of punch to warm him this cruel night—that is, after you have fried him a rasher of the bacon with some fresh eggs, for even our poor fare will hardly come amiss after such perishing and hardship.'

"Anxious to hoodwink the villain, I strove to put on an air of unsuspecting confidence, and in words warmly thanked him for his hospitality, which I assured him I would not readily forget; but told him that, before I made myself so snug, I must have a care for my poor horse, which I had left outside, and inquired if he could provide him with a stand and a truss of hay for the night.

"'Oh, sir, that we can,—there's a grand roomy stable behind the house, which you may see was never intended for such tenants as us; and there's plenty of strong bottom hay, which we have for our cow,—but about the quality I fancy your horse, after so hard a ride, won't be over dainty. Here, Nick,' said he, to the comrade whom he had just before deposited in the corner, 'out of your nest smartly, and lead the gentleman's horse round to the stable. Put him in the warmest stall, and don't be niggardly of hay or bedding. Up and about it, you lazy hound!' continued he, dropping his oily accent, as Nick grumbled, but made no attempt to rise; 'up with you, or, choke me, but I'll try whether a prod of this—' and he stuffed his hand into his breast, 'of that—that hot poker, I mean—will waken you, and make you mend your manners to a stranger. Poor lad,' added he, aside to me, 'he is altogether unused to liquor, and a drop or so quite upsets him; but he'll be all the better for the night air, and a sprinkling of the snow.'

"The rousing effects of this gentle stimulus Nick seemed to have no wish whatever to experience, and forthwith shewed both his sense and sensibility by rising as alertly as his half-drunken condition would allow, and sulkily rolling away to acquit himself of this unwelcome task. I said I would accompany him, under the pretext of being better able to manage the vicious temper of my horse, but with the stronger motive of a desire to reconnoitre the bearings of the concern, so as to be able to avail myself of any serviceable hints in case of necessity. They made no opposition to my going, as, doubtless, they wished to confer a little, so as to act in concert in their subsequent proceedings. The moon was bursting through the skirts of a thin rack of clouds, that was rapidly drifting before a strong scattering wind, and, to my joy, the appearances of the night promised a speedy cessation of the snow, and also light sufficient for me to discern my way, in the event of my being able to accomplish a retreat when my strength was a little renewed by rest and warmth. In my present state, I was not only indisposed, but physically unequal to make any adequate exertion, for my limbs were numb and feeble, and my energy so abated, that, at the moment, I would rather have faced the gang within, had it been twice as numerous, than again committed myself to the ruthless treatment of the elements, from whose fierceness I had but just now hardly escaped,—supposing I could have done so without molestation from the ruffians among whom I had fallen. While Nick was reeling and blundering through an outhouse in search of provender for Spleen, I happened to espy a glimmering through a window, which looked into the yard, and, concluding it to come from the room in which I had left the robbers, I cautiously approached, and looking through the chink, saw the parties seated within in earnest consultation. He they called Triptoe was speaking, and my quickened hearing caught the words,

"'We'll drench him well with the brandy, and do for him comfortably while he sleeps; which will save us a hard struggle, for he's a thumper. But if he won't drink and let the thing be managed quietly, why, boys, we have knives and bullets; and when Thurles and the Buck come in, we'll stand six to one, leaving out that drunken fool who has gone with the horse, and whose blab just now was like to cost some of us our lives; for yon man is surely armed when he carries such store of gold about him—one thousand yellow sovereigns I know for certain, without talking of his watch and seals, and other pretty gimcracks.'

"'Oons, my hearties!' ejaculated another, rubbing his hands with rapture, 'what a booty just brought ready to our hands; as good and sure as if we had it in our pockets, for we'll dose him till he can't wink an eyelid, and then, Triptoe, my trump, your knife is sharp, and your hand neat, and you'll play the butcher; and, blow me, I'll be grave-digger, and hearse, and priest, and give him snug quarters yonder in the bog, somewhat deeper than I gave to—— But hush, I hear the Buck's whistle; hurry, Swag, and let them in, to hear what good luck, better than their leaden bullets, has done for us, and I'll go and bring in the 'gold bag' from the stable, for there's no time to spare in setting about the business.'

"My blood would have curdled with horror, if indignation had not quickened its current, as I listened; and I found it hard so far to master my feelings as to restrain their ebullitions as I hastened back to the stable to await the cold blooded villain who was coming to call me in. When I re-entered the house, I found the party enlarged by the presence of the two worthies with whom I had interchanged civilities during the evening on the road. They were in miserable plight: one much cut and bruised, by his somerset from the wall I guessed; and both in a state of weakness and exhaustion, which shewed how nearly the gallows had been cheated of its due. They were trumping up some story about having been abroad on the moor in search of sheep, and for some minutes were talking of the 'old ewe' and the 'spotted ram' with a plausible assumption of seriousness which, in other circumstances, might have been amusing. Being now in their secret, I saw my way clearly before me,—which was to hoodwink them by the easy confidence of my manner, to feign the gradual approach of intoxication, and, if possible, bring *them* under its real influence, and, as soon as I was in possession of the room assigned me for a chamber, to make a determined effort to obtain egress through the window, if no other channel offered, or, failing in that, to stand resolutely on my defence, and, under heaven, endea- to achieve my escape by dint of my own strength and weapons. In pursuance of this plan, I soon became, apparently, on the best terms with my amiable companions,—met them in the ready spirit of boon conviviality,—pledged them in weighty potations in dependence on my own strength of head, and in the hope of subverting theirs,—waxed maudlin and confidential; and, finally,—Heaven forgive the falsehood!—informed them that I was to pass that way in my gig in a few days, with a great sum in gold for a neighbouring bank, and would not forget to call on them with something which would afford us a jollification, such as the old house had not been warmed with since its first high-blooded and jovial tenant had departed. I watched their countenances as I spoke; and so well did I act my part, that I verily believe they would have deferred the execution of their project till the juncture alluded to, had it not been for the arch villain Triptoe, in whose keen glances and sneering lip I was quick to perceive suspicion and distrust. It was now far on in the night; and, afraid of the moon withdrawing her countenance from my attempt if it were delayed much longer, as well as feeling that I had drunk as much as I could bear with steadiness, I hastened to bring this little drama to a close by duly lapsing into the last stage of my performance, and thickly faltering out my wish to be taken off to bed. The rest of the party—except Triptoe, who had contrived to drink but sparingly—though fully fit for hard business, were yet not a little muddled; and the duty of escort was left to the man who seemed to have his senses most about him, and who, as I had learned, was to occupy a prominent post in the interesting tragedy they contemplated. By this crafty rascal, accordingly, I was now taken up a narrow, rickety stair-case, and shewn into my sleeping apartment, which, exclusive of other considerations, was much too roomy and rambling in its proportions to admit of any feeling of comfort or security in its occupant. The termination of one end consisted of a rough pile of old presses, boxes, shelves, &c., which, reaching about half way to the roof, left a black and mysterious looking recess beyond, which I vainly attempted to explore, with the scanty aid of a wretched rushlight, and which, in my perilous and exciting situation, I could not help regarding with a kind of ominous dread and dissatisfaction. When my trusty attendant, Triptoe, left me, I began to examine the bearings and circumstances of the place more narrowly, with a view to discover some means of cutting the concern, without unseasonably disturbing its amiable inmates. The room had two windows, one of which was so covered with snow as to render it impossible to see what lay beyond, but the other, being sheltered, gave me a view of the yard behind the building; and the moon, which now and then shone out clearly, enabled me distinctly enough to discern the old gate through which I had accompanied my horse to his quarters, and which I doubted not would give me ready passage, provided I could but reach the ground below. This was about eighteen or twenty feet from the window; but I resolved to hazard the leap, if I could contrive no easier mode of descent: for, well-armed though I was, I confess I felt much more inclined to secure my safety by a prudent retreat, than risk it by a rash encounter. The door of my room I found was fastened by a bolt, the handle of which was on the outside, so as to preclude any hope of egress in that direction; and I was just meditating on the possibility of manufacturing some kind of a cord out of the coverlet of the bed, when my eye was caught by a rod thrust through a crevice in the partition, and bearing on its point a scrap of dirty paper. I was somewhat startled at this strange intrusion; but, almost immediately guessing it to be some communication from poor Nan, I lost no time in seizing it, and, after some ineffectual attempts, succeeded in deciphering the words: '*Don't sleep,—don't sleep,—there's a rope under your bed,—lose no time.*' I was at no loss, you may be sure, to discern the drift of this information and advice, and, blessing the poor girl's forethought and benevolence, was about taking advantage of it, when I heard a cautious and stealthy step ascending the staircase. On the instant I grasped a pistol, extinguished the light to prevent suspicion, and gathering myself into the bed, drew up the clothes, and silently awaited the event. The moon shone brightly now into the room, and her light fell strongly upon the door, nearly opposite which I lay, and on which my anxious looks were riveted. As the steps drew nearer, they seemed taken with greater caution. I heard a low whispering; then the handle of the door was slowly turned, and the villain Triptoe leaned forward warily into the room to see that all was quiet. As he was near me, I could without difficulty scan his face; and even then, as, his right hand thrust into his breast, and his body bent towards me, he stood in the attitude of listening, I could not but remark how fitly his features expressed the character of the truculent and determined ruffian. His thick, black brows were gathered low over his steady, deep-set eyes; his nostrils were dilated, his teeth clenched, his lips drawn back, and his whole countenance coloured with the nameless hue which deep, undiluted villany, where it exists with cunning, and is not the mere impulse of animal brutality, assumes when thoroughly awake and about to work. In this position he remained for nearly a minute, while I lay in silence watching him, in painful and irresolute anxiety as to what course I should adopt—whether I should spring from the bed, and meet him on equal terms upon the floor, or wait till his nearer approach might haply present me some advantage. As I lay in this state there was a sudden noise without, as of some one stumbling on the staircase. On the instant, a happy thought flashed upon my excited brain, and relieved me from the distraction of suspense. I immediately feigned to have been just roused by the noise from incipient slumber, and, after one or two preliminary snorts, stammered out, in the drowsy tone of one half sleeping, half waking, 'Wh—what's all that, eh? Co—come, none of your tricks on tired travellers, boys. There, go away, like honest fellows, and let me sleep awhile, for I'm terribly heavy after that drink. If you wake me up, I won't get asleep again these three hours; so let me be quiet for a little, like good-natured fellows as ye are, and in a jiffey I'll be as sound as a top.' Triptoe at once came forward into the room, and, in a humble, respectful tone, begged my pardon, and said that he meant not the least disturbance, but that his foot had somehow slipped as he was calling in to see if I was any way snug, and if I'd like another blanket; for he'd give me one off his own bed, and lie by the fire all night himself, as he was better used to hardship than a gentleman like me. He still advanced toward the bed as he spoke; and I clutched my weapon firmly, resolved that he at least should never live to boast his villany: but his object now was merely to ascertain whether my drowsiness was counterfeit or not. Luckily, I had thrown off my boots to prevent noise; and the sight of these, together with my outer coat, which lay upon a chair, doubtless served to rid him of suspicion: and, by way of some ostensible reason for his advance, he busied himself for a minute or so in putting a curtain before the window, to keep out the light. I felt, however, exceedingly uneasy in his neighborhood, and again essayed to hasten his withdrawal, by asking, in the pettish tone of one unseasonably awakened, 'What the mischief was the use of teasing a sleepy man, and fiddling about his bed in that fashion?' and begged him to put off whatever he had to do still I was asleep; which, if let alone, I'd be in a few minutes, though, if roused and put past my rest, I'd lie awake half the night. To my great relief, this intimation had the desired effect; and muttering something about trying to keep out the cold, by stuffing a chink in the window frame, he again wished my worship a good night's rest, and retired without further ado. When he closed the door, I thought I heard a suppressed whispering outside, where, doubtless, some of the rest of the gang lay in wait to aid their chief in case of necessity; and, when this ceased, the low sound of retreating steps as they again went below.

"As soon as all was silent, I rose cautiously from my bed, and, aware that not a moment was to be lost, at once set about preparing for my descent into the yard. Accordingly, having drawn on my boots and coat, I took the rope to which the to me kind-hearted, but alas! ill-fated Nan, had directed me, and having made one end fast to the foot-post of the bed, opened the window, and swung myself out with all possible silence and dispatch. But I was scarcely fairly suspended, when the sound of a low stifled growl from below made me pause and eagerly listen. At first I thought it was the moaning of the wind through some of the dilapidated out-buildings; but a second growl, stronger and more confirmed, convinced me that it was not of so innocent a nature, but issued rather from the throat of some ill-disposed specimen of the canine kind. And there, truly, to my consternation, on looking in the direction of the noise, my eyes fell upon a huge, fierce-looking brute, crouching right beneath me, his head resting on his forepaws, and his eyes cast upward and fixed with sullen savageness upon me; while his deep, continuous growl, which threatened every instant to burst into an angry bark, manifested his vigilance and his hostility. What was to be done? I silently asked myself, as I hung between the window and the ground. To return, if not impossible, was to throw myself into the hands of a murderous banditti; to go on was to alight upon the fangs of the ferocious animal that lay prepared below, and whose noisy struggles would soon bring all around me. A moment's thought, however, determined me to the latter course. I revolted from the idea of again entering the cursed garret, now that I once more breathed the free air without. A bullet from a pistol, at the worst, would settle my four-footed foe, and I would have more room and freedom for dealing with the others as I best might. At this critical moment, I happily called to mind that one of my pistols was furnished with a sharp stiletto, confined by a spring, which, by a little dexterity on my part, might serve my purpose better than a bullet. Seizing it, accordingly, in my right hand, I twisted the rope round my left arm, and lowered myself gently till my feet rested on a window-ledge, just above the spot where the dog lay. I then lengthened my hold, and stooped cautiously toward the animal, who, his growls becoming momentarily shorter and fiercer, was evidently preparing for a spring. He remained motionless, however, half bewildered, I believe, by the strangeness of the apparition above him, till I was nearly within reach of his head, at which I aimed in the hope of settling him at once. He then, as I was about to strike, with tremendous force made a sudden bound towards me; but, luckily for me, it was only to meet the point of my dagger, which, the next instant, was nearly buried in his brain, driven in by our united strength. The grim brute gave a short piercing yell, which rung wildly through the night, and which often haunts my hearing to the present hour,—one or two convulsive struggles, and, then, lay stiff and harmless upon the snow. I leaped to the ground, and, plucking out the weapon, made away with all the speed my hazardous situation supplied. In doing so, I had to pass another savage ban-dog that was chained within a few yards of the gate, and seemed nearly choked by his furious efforts to reach me as I rushed by him to the door. I found it fastened—I did not stay to examine how, but, as it was old and rotten, drove right against it with such violence, that the frail boards shivered as if they had been glass, and gave me an easy passage from the ill-starred and cursed place. I now found myself in a lane, the right side of which was fenced by a high loose stone wall, which I scrambled over and placed between myself and my pursuers, whom I now heard issuing with loud noise and confusion from the house. 'He's off, sheer off!' shouted Triptoe, with a tremendous oath; 'but, by ——, his crafty tricks and skulking shall not serve him, if the moon keeps but clear; for we'll track him through the snow, my boys, and knock him on the head like a hare in her form. Come, comrades, shake off the drink. Remember the yellow gold he has about him; and mind too, that he holds our secret, and that, if he carries it off, some of us are like shortly to dance a jig without either floor or fiddler.' 'The dog, the dog!' cried another; 'loose Fang, and he, I'll warrant ye, 'll soon make the slippy hypercrite a standing target for our slugs. But hurry, hurry,—yon cloud will blacken the moon this minute; and, if he get much start, he'll be apt to leave us in the lurch, for this here wind will not be long a filling up his trail.'

"My sharpened hearing caught the unwelcome sounds, as I sped along behind the wall as fast as my circumstances would permit. The deep snow and my heavy clothing made it a difficult business; and, as I heard the fellows mounting the fence behind, I began to despair, and was thinking of making a stand, when fortunately, as the last speaker had foreseen, a dense cloud crossed the moon, and, placing us all in obscurity, inspired me with fresh hope and confidence. I paused for an instant, and threw off my large outside coat, and also a clumsy pair of galligaskins in which I had ridden, and thus lightened, started forward again at a quicker pace. The robbers were now fairly upon my track, and I heard them loudly encourage their dog in the pursuit. But whether it was that I was stronger and more active, or rather that the boisterous gusts, which occasionally lifted the dry snow from the ground and drove it in their faces, confused their vision, and prevented their marking my course with readiness, I at all events found, from the growing faintness of their clamour, that the interval between us was rapidly increasing. With this encouragement, I was pressing on with freshening ardour, when I heard a bark of discovery from Fang, accompanied by a shout of exultation, and in a few seconds, by the reports of two guns, which echoed loudly and alarmingly across the waste. I felt myself, however, unharmed, and concluded it must be my rejected coat at which they had aimed so shrewdly. I afterwards found that it was as I supposed, and that my proxy on this interesting occasion had been handsomely riddled by some dozen or so of ragged slugs and pellets. The cries of anger wihich the baffled bandits uttered on the discovery of their mistake were music to my ear, as I thought myself now nearly certain of eluding their pursuit; for the snow flakes were again beginning to fall so thickly as effectually to screen me from their sight, as well as to render the task of tracing too difficult to be readily successful. But my feeling of security was only brief; for a panting noise behind causing me to look backward, I perceived their bloodhound, Fang, a short way in the rear, fairly in my track, and coming on at a rate which rendered escape utterly hopeless. I had no time for thought, but instinctively plunged into a ditch that ran by the base of the wall. The ice at the bottom yielded to my weight, and I sunk into three feet of water; but to this apparently untoward circumstance is attributable, I believe, the saving of my life. The next instant, the ferocious animal sprung at my throat; but, to foil him, I threw up my arm, in which his fangs were buried in a moment. My right hand, however, was free; and I was searching for the stiletto with which I had so speedily quenched his predecessor's fury, when I called to mind that I had improvidently left it in the pocket of the coat which I had cast aside. But I did not long hesitate as to what I should do; for at once grasping the brute by the throat with all the strength I could command, I forced his head down below the water, despite his terrific struggles and the excessive pain it cost myself; since, so far from relaxing his hold, he tugged the more fiercely at my other arm, which happily, however, was partially protected by my coat and an inner vest of shamois which I wore. I am a tolerably stout man, and have often had occasion in my time to test my strength; but I never had it so thoroughly tried as in my contest with this dog, whose size and spirit were prodigious, and whose fierce struggles for life were proportionably violent. But mine, too, rested on the issue, for, in the pauses of the storm, I could hear, at no great distance, the voices of those in pursuit; and I knew that, in my present defenceless state, to be overtaken was to perish. Accordingly, I put forth all my power to master my most formidable foe, and it was not a tittle too much for the purpose. Every minute that the struggle continued seemed an age; but it shortly ended: for, after a last and desperate effort—a few convulsive heavings—and some terrible throes of agony, the animal lay still and passive in my grasp, and, I felt, was dead. Before his jaws were locked, I hastened to extricate my arm; for the determined brute had retained his gripe to the very last. That accomplished, I scrambled out of the ditch, and again pressed forward as quickly as my now somewhat exhausted condition and the opposing violence of the snow-storm would permit. As the wind rose and fell, I heard the voices of the toiling robbers behind, now faint, now strong; but I was evidently gaining in the race, for, after some time, all symptoms of pursuit were lost, and nothing fell upon my ear but the fitful raving of the tempest, as it rushed with impetuous fury along the shrubless waste, tossing the snow-flakes hither and thither in wild confusion, and sometimes driving them against me as I staggered forward, with such force and in such quantities as almost to threaten suffocation. For a time, I persevered, and slowly and arduously strove on against it; but at length, feeling certain that the chase was abandoned, I began to give way to my growing weariness, and think of searching out some sort of shelter were I might rest till daybreak. I was now on a piece of spongy moorland; and occasional plumps through the brittle ice into soft, miry holes, warned me that I was in a dangerous locality, and that the greatest care was required. I therefore determined to stop and bivouac, as I best might, in that inhospitable spot. Accordingly, I got upon the lee-side of a low wall, which I fortunately stumbled upon; and piling up a lot of loose stones and sods, constructed a kind of screen, which, wretched though it was, afforded me comparative comfort, by warding off the cutting wind. In this not very enviable situation I remained till morning, which happily was not far off, as, exclusive of the discomfort of the thing, I found it almost impossible to resist the seductions of sleep, and refrain from sinking into that fatal torpor from which I knew I must expect no waking.

"However, I had sufficient strength of resolution to resist the temptation; and, when morning dawned, was able, though stiff, and feeble, and half frozen, to rise and again set about exploring my perilous path. It boots not to detail the many personal mishaps which befel me in my way to the neighboring town, which I reached in the afternoon. It is enough to say that I deposited my money there in safety; and, after changing my dress, and partaking of some timely restoratives, set off to a magistrate to request the aid of some constables in my attempt to capture these desperadoes, whose discovery furnished a solution for several mysterious disappearances, and hitherto unexplained outrages of recent occurrence, in the neighborhood. He at once acceded to my request, and, complimenting me on my promptitude, immediately issued the necessary orders, adding that he would himself accompany me, and gladly assist in the arrest of such a pestilent gang of cut-throats. We determined to set out at once, to reach their quarters if possible before the villains could decamp, and so as to arrive there under the cover of nightfall, which would much facilitate the execution of our purpose. Several friends volunteered their services; and, mustering eight or nine, we started in the midst of a strong thaw and a heavy fall of rain. Our work was so severe, and the night so gloomy and inclement, that the majority, I more than suspect, wished in their hearts that my chivalry and public spirit had not shewn itself so precipitate, as well as politic, in pressing the affair to so prompt a settlement, and preferring the cloudy covering of night to the cheerful light of day for the completion of the capture. The rain, however, did us good service, in clearing the crests of the low fences which defined the road, and thus enabling us to advance with more speed and certainty. It was late when we reached the scene of my preceding night's adventure, which was still sufficiently fresh in my mind to inspire me with no very amiable feelings towards the fellows who had figured in it, and who, I trusted, were about to experience the effects of their atrocious villany. When we came within a short distance of the house, I desired my companions to hold back, while I advanced alone to ascertain how matters stood. When I got to the door, I found it shut. I listened attentively, but could hear no sound—all seemed silent as death within. I passed on to the window through which I had seen the poor girl Nan, the evening before, cowering over the fire; and, rubbing off the mist from the corner of a pane, looked in, but all was dark and desolate, and gave no sign whatever of the existence of an inmate. I went round then to the yard, and, finding the gate wide open, passed through it to the back entrance of the house, which, if it were not deserted, might possibly bring me nearer to its tenants. On looking in that quarter, I thought I saw something swinging slowly to and fro, immediately under the window through which I had made my escape. The outline seemed like that of a human figure; and, with a sort of dark foreboding, I drew my hand across my eyes to clear them from dimness, and aid me in discerning the mysterious object more distinctly. A cloud, however, just then darkened the little light there was; and, chiding myself for my faintheartedness in fearing what was probably either a shadow or the creature of my own fancy, I advanced hastily in its direction. As I drew near, it grew more definite and palpable, as it swayed backward and forward with the wind, a foot or so above the ground. I was moving on, however, still uncertain, though vaguely fearful, of its nature, when the sudden emersion of the moon lighted up the place, and displayed to my straining eyes, in the suspended form before me, the blackened and distorted visage of a human being—a female, as I saw from the dress and the long dishevelled hair, which streamed hither and thither in the shifting blast. My blood seemed literally to curdle in my veins at the hideous sight, which totally unmanned me, as it well might any one whose nerves were not of iron; and losing for the minute all self-command, I could only call out with an almost frantic vehemence, which speedily brought my affrighted companions to my side. We had with us a tinder-box and lantern; and, on striking a light, I was able to recognize, in the livid and writhen features before me, the countenance of the ill-fated girl to whom, under Heaven, I probably owed my preservation, and with whose part therein I feared me her miserable end was some way concerned.

"The horrors of this dismal night I wish not, gentlemen, minutely to narrate. They are graven too deeply in my memory ever to be erased; and the mere mention of them at this day is, for me, pregnant with fear and disgust. To have witnessed such a scene but once, as I did, was enough to tincture a man's thoughts and feelings with gloom for many after years; and it was long before my mind recovered its tone, or rid itself of the morbid consequences of the shock it then suffered.

"We severed the rope—the very one by which I had effected my descent—and conveyed the body into the house; but we had scarcely crossed the threshold, when another ghastly sight met our eyes. This was the corpse of Thurles, the youngest and handsomest of the band, whose name, I believe, I had no occasion to mention before. He was laid, face upward, on the floor of the very room where, with the rest, he had so freely and recklessly caroused the night before,—an expression of ferocity, heightened by agony, frowning from his countenance, and rendering it almost formidable even in death. The blood was thickly clotted on his left breast, in which was deeply fixed the blade of a knife which had been broken near the haft. His head was raised upon a pillow, and a sheet had been partly drawn over him; and, from the settled appearance of all about the body, it was evident that the hands of the living had been concerned in the decent disposition of the robber's lifeless remains. I need not speak of the subsequent occurrences of that night, or of my fruitless efforts to account for the double catastrophe I had witnessed. The gang had fled, and there was no one accessible from whom I could ascertain the circumstances under which it had taken place.

"Eventually, however, I did obtain a brief account thereof, as I shall in a few words relate. It was about six years after the night in question, that one day, dining at a tavern in York, I chanced to overhear some gentlemen in the next stall conversing about the execution of a murderer, which was to take place on the morrow. One of them had been present at his trial, and gave a description of the convict's personal appearance; and mentioned his having been the head of a gang that had been the terror of the whole country thereabouts for a long time, and the proven perpetrators of the many murders which had taken place on and near the Black Moss some years before; which, he added, they had infested, until discovered and rooted out by a gentleman, who had himself narrowly escaped their tender mercies. What he said of the man's appearance, haunts, and criminality, immediately led me to conclude that he could be none other than Triptoe himself, who, despite his cunning shifts, had at last been snared by the law, which was about to exact from him the debt due to its many heinous violations. Impelled by a feeling of mingled interest and curiosity, I resolved to visit the condemned man's cell, and endeavor to obtain from him some clue to the fate of the poor girl of whose miserable end I have just told you. I happened to have a personal acquaintance with the sheriff, and could thus obtain ready access to the gaol, to which I proceeded without delay. When admitted, I found the wretched man sitting alone in his dismal cell. He cast a sullen, incurious glance at me, as I entered, not seeming to recognise my appearance, and scarcely, indeed, my presence. However atrocious a man's guilt, one cannot well harbor hatred or hostility against him at such a time, and I spoke gently as I recalled to his mind who I was; and, after the interchange of a few words, asked him if he could spare a few minutes to tell me of the dreadful death of his accomplice Thurles, and of that of the unfortunate Nan. He looked at me some seconds before he replied:—'I see *you* don't come here only to pry into my secrets, that you may print them in the papers; and as you have a kind of right, besides, to ask, I'll tell you all I know about the luckless business of that cursed night. Ay, I may well, indeed, call it *cursed;* for if I had got your gold that night, I had it in my mind to cross the seas, and turn honest man in some other country, where I might now have been, instead of in this black dungeon. But you had the devil's luck and cunning into the bargain; and between you and that sharp jade, Nan, I was, for the first time, fairly beaten and outwitted in so big a matter.'

"I then gathered from him that, on the return of the party from the unsuccessful pursuit of me, young Thurles, whose property both the dogs had been, enraged at his loss, furiously taxed Nan with having been accessory to my escape, and, consequently, to their destruction. The girl not only avowed it, but mentioning my declaration of a speedy delivery of the whole gang into the hands of justice, added that she wished nothing more than that I would fulfil my threat, for that she was heart-sick of their vileness, who, in return for innocence and happiness, had given her nothing but vice and ill-treatment; and that reproach and anger came ill from him who had rendered her unfit to live, much less to return to her father's happy house, from which his traitorous arts and falsehoods had first seduced her. Thurles, stung with her language and inflamed with drink, bitterly retorted; upbraided her with treachery; and, assailing her with opprobrious epithets, rashly raised his hand and struck her. The girl, at all times passionate, was at this conjuncture roused to a state of madness by the ill-timed abuse and violence of him who had been her destroyer, and, in a fit of frenzy, seizing a knife, before any one could stay her arm, she plunged it into his side, bidding him 'take back the blow he dared to give to her his villany had ruined.' The blade reached the robber's heart, and, without a word, he fell dead to the floor. A dreadful revulsion of feeling followed in the breast of the unfortunate girl, who, had they not resorted to physical restraint, would scarcely have outlived him. The rest of the party, confounded by the death of their comrade, and the fear of a speedy apprehension consequent on my escape, made some hurried preparations for evacuating the concern, and bid the girl make ready to accompany them, as there would be those in the house shortly who would take good care to see the corpse decently disposed of. She, however, sternly refused to leave the dead man's side; and they, not unwilling, I believe, to be rid of one who, in their present circumstances, would be a burden, let her, as the fellow said, 'please herself, and have her own way.' It must have been shortly after this that, under the impulse of intolerable despair and consciousness of guilt, she took the horrid step of which I told you. I then inquired of Triptoe the fate of his comrades, and he categorically informed me that two had been shot in burglaries, one had been executed, another transported, and a fifth had disappeared or been made away with, he knew not and cared not how. Before I left his cell, I tried to draw the wretched man's thoughts to something serious, but his heart was so case-hardened in guilt as to be utterly inaccessible to any admonitions from me; and, the turnkey shortly entering to tell me the gates were about to close, I left him to his fate, which in a dogged spirit of hardihood and impenitence, he met on the following morning.

Fraser's Magazine.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

MATCH FOR $20,000 ASIDE!

Monarch and The Queen, vs. Portsmouth and Omega!

Mr. Wherry, the Secretary of the Newmarket Jockey Club, writes us officially that John C. Rogers, Esq. of Raleigh, N. C., has concluded a post Match with Charles Hatcher, Esq. of Norfolk, Va., for $20,000 aside, Four mile heats, to come off over the Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, during the annual Fall Meeting of the Club.

Mr. Rogers is to name at the post the choice of

Col. Wade Hampton's imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 5 yrs., or
Merritt, Goodwyn & Rogers' ch. f. *The Queen*, own sister to Monarch, 4 yrs.

Mr. Hatcher is likewise to name at the post either

Ed. J. Wilson & Co.'s br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzboro', out of Polly Peacham by John Richards, 4 yrs., or
Ed. J. Wilson & Co.'s gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 5 y.

We are also indebted to Mr. Wherry for a report of the Newmarket Races, which was anticipated by one from "Boots." As they correspond as to time, etc. we have deemed it unnecessary to give both; we must not omit mentioning, however, that the Secretary, in speaking of the Portsmouth and Boston match, states that "the track was in fine order."

New York Jockey Club Dinner.

Pursuant to previous notice, a meeting of the Friends of the Turf was convened at the Astor House on Wednesday last, to hear the report of the Committee appointed "for the purpose of devising and recommending for general adoption such means as should seem best calculated to revive the Racing Spirit of the North." Letters were read from several gentlemen who were unavoidably absent, but who assured the Committee of their uniting heart and hand in the good cause; and notwithstanding the assemblage was not very numerous, the elevated standing in society, and the character and spirit of those in attendance, fully compensated for any deficit in actual numbers; nearly every staunch Turfman and Breeder at the North was represented in person or by proxy, and the manifestations on all hands of good feeling towards the objects the Committee had in view, were so cordial, as to leave no doubt on the minds of those present of the revival of the Northern Turf on a basis of more inviting respectability and general attractiveness.

At six o'clock the company sat down to a dinner, of which it may be truly said, "naught but itself can be its parallel;" the *chef de cuisine* of the Astor, had left no delicacy of the season unprovided, and the tasteful elegance of the table, and the arrangement of the dinner generally, was in the most *recherché* and sumptuous style of the spirited proprietors of this magnificent hotel. Such a collection of "choice *spirits of the time*" have rarely "touched knees under mahogany," and the rare old wine from the hill-sides of Tuscany and sunny France and the banks of the bounding Rhine, was only equalled by the wit, the humour, and the conviviality of the occasion.

After the cloth was removed, Mr. King, the presiding officer, rose and addressed the company in a strain of the most inspiriting and fervid eloquence upon the object of the meeting; felicitous and happy as he ever is, on the present occasion, we thought him more than ever so, and make no doubt the impressive and peculiarly happy manner in which he introduced the suggestions of the Committee, contributed in a great degree to the unanimity and pleasure with which they were received and adopted. The following is a synopsis of the report adopted by the Club:—

—That a Club be formed for three years.

—That no subscription be less than $20, nor more than $50, per annum,—payable whether present or absent, and annually.

—That the Proprietors, for the above subscription, give two meetings per annum, the one in the Spring and the other in the Fall.

—That Extra Meetings, if given by the Proprietors, entitle them to make a separate charge for admission to the privileges of the Course.

—That the amount raised by the Club be given in Purses during the two Club Meetings, and that this amount be in such Purses as the Club may designate.

—That gentlemen paying $50 per annum, have the privilege of inviting a friend (a non-resident of the state of New York) to the two Club Meetings.

—That the Proprietors are not expected to put up in purses more money than is raised by the Club subscription.

—That gentlemen joining the Club on nomination (after its organization on the 4th of May) be liable for the unexpired term of the Club from date of such admission.

Such were the main features of the recommendations of the committee, all of which were unanimously adopted. In conclusion, it was resolved that a meeting of the Club be convened on Saturday, the 4th of May, at the Club House of Mr. Branch, at the Union Course, at one o'clock, with a view to its full organization, the election of officers, etc., at which the punctual attendance of every member, and those gentlemen desirous of joining the Club, is earnestly requested.

We are gratified in being able to state that a large majority of the gentlemen in attendance at the dinner, subscribed $50 per annum, each, and that there is every prospect of a very large addition to the list of members of the Club. We have also great pleasure in noting the fact that the enterprising and liberal proprietors of the Astor House, tendered to the Club at all times the *gratuitous* use of their hotel for meetings, etc., an offer which was cheerfully accepted, and which drew from Mr. Branch, on the part of the proprietors and the Club, a very deserved and handsome acknowledgment. And we deem it proper to state, as expressive of the sense of the meeting, that they fully appreciate this liberality on the part of the proprietors of the Astor House, and as it will be hereafter known as the Head Quarters of the Club, our Southern and Western friends are apprised that any information in relation to it may be obtained here, while at the same time the house is commended to their patronage.

We need hardly add, in conclusion, that, the business of the meeting being over the occasion was one of great hilarity. The song, the toast, and the enlivening story succeeded each other in quick succession, and as the circling glass went round, flowing bumpers were pledged to "the good men and true" of the South and West, and heeltaps discolored no goblets quaffed to "the Sports of the Turf."

The Hampton Stake.

In accordance with a suggestion made in this paper on the 16th of last month by an eminent breeder and turfman of the South, a second Produce Stake has been opened for colts and fillies dropped this Spring, to come off over the Nashville Course on the first day of the Fall Meeting of 1843, being the day previous to the great "Peyton Stake" of $5000 each subscription. The subscription to this last stake has been fixed at $2000 each, $400 forfeit, Two mile heats, and in honor of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the American Turf, we have taken the liberty of designating it The Hampton Stake. Though the programme of the stake differs in one essential particular from the original proposition of "the chivalric originator," inasmuch as he intended the nominations to comprise the foals of 1840, still the suggestion was thrown out by him in the hope of getting up "an episode to the great drama—to enable those who have only one nomination in the large stake to accompany it with a junior partner to run for the smaller one," and he distinctly expressed the wish that the second stake might be "shaped so as to meet the views of the Western gentlemen." The programme of the stake will be found at length in our advertising columns it is to close on the 1st of August, and those gentlemen who failed to make a nomination in The "Peyton" Stake, have an opportunity now presented in The "Hampton"—the Derby and the St. Leger. We look to see every fine stallion in the country represented in the "Hampton Stake" and shall hold ourselves "constantly on hand" to chronicle the nominations as they are received by the Secretary, and the appearance of those which are to "make flings for fame," as "N." graphically expresses it. From the increasing spirit with which everything pertaining to the American Turf has been conducted of late, we shall not be surprised if this Stake closes with above one hundred subscribers.

The Eagle Course.—Great preparations are making at Trenton for the ensuing races on the Eagle Course, which promise to be brilliant beyond precedent. A great number of stables have been engaged by turfmen from a distance, while those of New Jersey will be there, without an exception, with many from Long Island. The liberality and spirit which has characterized the management of the Eagle Course has won for it the good wishes of all classes of society in the State. In a letter to the proprietor of the Course, dated the 20th instant, from the Hon. Wm. L. Dayton, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, informing him that the corner-stone had been laid of the Court House, about to be erected for the new County of Mercer, in the immediate vicinity of the Eagle Hotel, the writer expresses his regret at the proprietor's absence, and adds:—

"Although I cannot be a supporter of the Turf, still my good wishes for the welfare of your track and hotel are the same as if I was a member of your Club. Your good feeling towards the County of Mercer is duly appreciated, and your zeal and enterprize as regards the city of Trenton, has gained for you thousands of friends. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours, &c."

We misunderstood a letter, from which we quoted a paragraph in our last, stating that Mr. Kendall had recently sold *Louisa Lee*. That gentlemen writes us that Mr. Pendleton sold her to Mr. Duvall, the Rail Road contractor, and that she is now in training by Mr. Fields, on the Kendall Course.

No. 28 in the Peyton Stake, being the produce of Mr. Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. *Pera, by Sultan* and Imp. Priam, was dropped on the night of the 14th instant; it is a fine bay filly. By the bye, this mare *Pera* has heretofore been confounded with *Peri*, the dam of Langford and Sir Hercules, by Wanderer. This nomination was made by the Messrs. Merritt, of Va.

The Lexington (Ky.) Races have been postponed from the 21st, to Wednesday the 22d of May.

PETERSBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES.

Newmarket, April 16th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The great struggle is over! the snake's dead and his length measured, and jist afore he stretched out entire, he sort a curled up some, and come a heap short o' public expectation: but these things will take place sometimes you know, in the *best* of *that* family. The match twixt *Boston* and *Portsmouth*, (now, by rights, Portsmouth and Boston) came off to-day midst the thousand thrills of applause that burst from exulting bosoms.

Up to 4 o'clock yesterday evening, expectation was depressed, and disappointment was throwing its shadow over the sombre visages of the hundreds who had thronged to witness the progress and result of so exciting a contest,—it being seriously apprehended, from a series of strong presumptions, that one of the Parties (the "Boss" of "the Concern") wouldn't come to taw "before Tea." *Little Boots*, however, was thar' among 'em, catching the odds on the event, and laying on the *heel*-taps thick; and when it got to "two to one" that *that* ar' Boss would come up, like Mr. Hugh Watt's sheep, "a missing," why you might have seen him "playing on the *pint*," and pressing for the "Cu" with the raal "red stack."

But hark! what sound is that which rolls its thunder in the vale below! and what curling volume of purple smoke is that that reposes in the distance on the serenity of the vernal eve-tide! ("Go it Boots") 'Tis the "train" from the Norfolk boat!! The thundering of the wheels is hushed, and the shrill hissing of the vented steam tells us a visitor is there. Far down at the "head of the stretch," "right on the turn," there peered the dark outlines of the figure of a man. Up came "Old Far," rushing to our cosy little clique, almost breathless with delighted hope; "Stop! stop!" says he, "I've got a pint" to win, its "old F—r" who takes. Little Boots casts his peepers that way and considers him awhile: "slowly, very slowly," (as Willis says) came the indistinct "strannger" as he neared the Pavilion. He reached it: his eyes lit upon the shelves of the bar, "transparent," as my friend "The Slasher" hath it, with the "indigenous Apple Jack:" 'twas more than human frailty could withstand; his "parched lips" plead for "a sprinkling," and that "ungodly swallow" of his "sucked in" Poor Little Boots for an extra ten.—'Twas the man himself, for soon the "badger" on the cheek was seen, and "blue-ruin's" blushes shed their light upon his identity. "The thing was out"—the Race would be run "certain."

But not so fast, if you please, Major Boots: suspense once more laid her leaden finger on the pulse of hope, and the shadows of disappointment rested on public expectation, as the "light hair'd" Boss leaned towards "a forfeit." But night's shadows, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all "them" shadows of uncertainty, and light were the slumbers that were broke by the breathless anxiety of "speculation."

Awake!—'Tis morn—the fatal day; hope hangs breathless on a hint, and beautifully the sun through the mellow haze of spring sent his horizontal beam, as his "broad golden disk" peer'd above the forest head; and gently in "the grove" the merry tapping of the blacksmith's hammer on the "plates," gave its cheering music to the morn. Doubt was quelled, and certainty begat active scrutiny in the many "rings" of anxious "Speculation."

'Tis 10 o'clock; up roll the thousand volumes of "Olympic" dust as the glistening wheels whirl it in mid-air. The Pavilion's crowded to overflowing; the booths, the trees, fences, carriage tops, are burdened with the anxious throng; and on the field, where the young rye waves its green blades in the breeze, a moving mass of *Hope-full* humanity is seen. Hope paints her bright pictures in the bosoms of all, and animation sparkles in their eyes. The horses are stript;—the spreading blast of the bugle breaks upon the mellow air, and the noble coursers prick their ears to its music; it thrills through the grove, and awakens ambition's pulse. Each eyes the other with tremendous dread. Old Boston's rich satin glistens in the meridian sun, and *power's* bold lines course beautifully over his shape: majesty's in his mien, and terror in his triumphant stride. But, nevertheless, the glossy silk (not reared upon the multicaulis, nor yet the meadow oat) of the dark, *wiry*, four year old, soon caught the eye; nimbleness in his pace, and in his quick glance the fire of the "forest born."—2 to 1 on Boston, and few takers.

They come to taw: Old Boston backs and hesitates for the conflict—the drum is tapped—off they go; the Luzzy on the inside, a whirling of it about thirty yards a-head in the first quarter, Boston scuffling along behind at evidently an inconvenient stroke. It very soon became evident that the "Old Stager" was not himself, and would be beat. But the whip and spur takes out the kinks, and he inches up a little; the first mile is finished, and the gap still a wide one; as the last one runs out, that ar' gap widens, and victory echoes in the thrilling shouts of the crowd. Long visages now make haggard the merry aspect of the Boston throng, and long "rolls" of "Johnny Brokenberry's," squint with their streaming I's, at something like a transfer. The heat was won easily by Portsmouth in 3:50.

The odds now got to 2 to 1 on Portsmouth, but the tale was told, and few takers toed the mark. Both cooled off well, and now they again go from the stand; Boston doing his best but never reaching the swift-footed Berry. Boots cotched the odds on Boston, and linkt into them natives smart, I tell you.

Thus was achieved one of the greatest triumphs recorded in the annals of the Va. Turf. Thus fell the Crack, the Conqueror, the travelling terror of the Turf. He fell, 'tis true; and hard and heavy was the fall: but he fell to rise with avenging might. Beware of him in the day of his wrath. Thus also was reinstated the heretofore depreciated character of the Luzborough stock. Even "detraction's" tongue is now silent with its slanders, and consents to his praise.—Time, 2d heat, 3:48 easy.

The great pleasure, however, of this race, was derived from its anticipation and not its performance; as that was one-sided and uninteresting after the first half-mile.

TUESDAY, April 16, 1839—Match $10,000 aside, $3000 forfeit. Two mile heats.

John C. Rodgers & Co.'s (E. J. Wilson's) b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs., 100lbs	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs., 118lbs	2	2

Time, 3:50—3:48.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette by Sir Archy	1	1
Nat. Raines' bl. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Virginian	3	2
Capt. J. S. Corbin's (Mr. Ambler's) b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Multiflora by Sir Archy	2	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, April 17—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by ——, 5 yrs	4	1	1
O. P. Hare's ch. h. *Willis*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	5	3	3
Capt. J. S. Corbin's b. c. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	4	4
James Talley's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	dist.	
S. W. Morgan's b. c. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Target's dam by Marquis, 4 yrs., lost her rider and was	dist.		

Time, 3:53—3:46½—3:57.

A beautiful race, the fastest second heat ever run over this course, odds on Willis vs. the field, freely taken. The first heat won easily by Willis; in that heat, also, Mr. Morgan's Virginia Robinson lost her rider on the first turn, and ran out very gallantly and decorously ahead. The second heat was beautifully contested by Willis, Walker and Rocker, all close up at the finish. The third heat, also, was very spiritedly contested by the same three, Rocker beating Willis about 18 inches only, and Old Tom by a length or more.

In this heat Walker led a mile and a turn, closely followed by Willis; they changed positions just before entering the "stretch," after a very interesting brush in which they let out their last kinks, and old Rocker availed himself of the expenditure a few yards before the goal.

THURSDAY, April 18—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Edmund Townes' b. h. *Steel*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Dimont by Constitution, 5 yrs.	1	1
Edw. J. Wilson gr. m. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy-Cropper, by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs	2	2
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	3
J. Talley's ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, out of the dam of Don Carlos, 4 yrs	4	dist.

Time, 8:08—8:02.

Omega vs. the field, at the start, 1000 to 800 freely given. It was very evident, when stripped, that the grey mare was badly amiss, and under the circumstances, she is allowed by "old Arthur" himself to have made a much better race, than he thought it possible for her to make. Steel, however, is a "scrouger." The betting this week has been higher and more liberal, than ever known to have been before in the commonwealth, and the indications of a revival of the sport in this quarter, decided and encouraging.

I now suspend the report of the races, to congratulate the friends of the turf on the great match of $20,000 aside, 4 mile heats, made this evening in my presence by the spirited J. C. Rogers, of Raleigh, between *Omega* and *Portsmouth*, on Mr. Hatcher's part, and *The Queen* and *Monarch*, on Mr. R.'s, to name at the post; $10,000 forfeit after ninety days, on Mr. Rogers' side, and $500 forfeit until that time. On application, the liberal owners of The Queen at once consented to the loan of her services for the occasion; and very little doubt exists, that the "Southern Napoleon" will grant the use of Monarch, for so glorious an event. Indeed, we venture to assert, that he will gladly embrace the opportunity of binding an imperishable wreath of glory round the brow of the "crowned head." He, of course, could not allow Mr. R. to forfeit so *heavily* on his horse, if the choice should depend upon Monarch. Mr. Rogers has done as much to revive and elevate racing in Virginia and North Carolina, as any other gentleman on the turf in either State, and from these very spirited contests, we *must* expect an appreciation of blood-stock throughout the country. Here then, *Boots*, on tip-toe, drinks a "bumper" to J. C. Rogers, Esq., of Raleigh, North Carolina:—

"May his success be equal to his spirit."

FRIDAY, April 19—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as on Tuesday. Thirteen subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

O. P. Hare's (Gen. M. T. Hawkin's) ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Aggy-up by Timoleon	1	1
Col. Johnson's (Geo. B. Carey's) ch. f. Mons. Tonson, out of Mary Blount's dam	2	2
Wm. Burton's b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Veto's dam	3	dr

Time 1:55—2:00

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson out of Thistle by Oscar, aged	3	1	1
Capt. Wm. Burton's ch. m. sister to Veto, (by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough) – yrs.	1	3	2
Edw. J. Wilson's b. h. *Sligo*, by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot, 5 yrs	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's gr. f. by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	4	2	4

Time, 3:56—4:01—3:54.

A pretty race—Argyle, as he deserves to be, the favorite at odds.

Thus concluded one of the most brilliant week's racing ever known in Virginia. The Newmarket Course has been recently bought by Mr. Hare, and with his sagacity and enterprize, we may confidently expect continued good sport at the "old first-born course" in the Union. This *long* Boots will make up for last week's *short* ones.

Yours, Boots.

NEWBERN (N. C.) SPRING RACES.

Bona Vista, (near Smithfield, N. C.) 15th April, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I have just returned from our Newbern Races, and as I suppose your "Spirit" may be dependent altogether on newspaper account for a statement of the running, &c., have thought it not improper to drop you a few hasty lines on the occasion. One half of our course is new, and fetlock deep in soft earth, and of course very slow.

On the first day, Vashti being on the spot, and the great crack of the regions hereabouts, opinions of favoritism settled on her as a matter of course; she and Mistake were only entered for the day's amusement—the knowing ones were at high odds on the biblical green. At stripping, however, the great size (16 hands at least,) and Black Maria-like appearance of Mistake, struck many with strong doubts as to the issue; some were adventurous enough to take even bets on her. The tap was given, and off they went in quick-time action—the big 'un having the lead, and cutting out the work; they swept around the first turn in greyhound style, Mistake fully three lengths in advance; here they entered on 600 yards of new track, being soft and heavy; and the gap beginning to widen rather too much for Vashti, she made an effort to come up and collar the giantess, but couldn't do it; each maintained this position around the upper turn into the quarter stretch, which is hard and fine; here Vashti broke ground on the inner side for 40 or 50 yards behind, but came in again, and the pace was strongly kept up past the stand, and again to the lower turn, which is rather sudden and unrailed; here Vashti cut across the semi-circle a distance of 100 yards, and entered again about three lengths ahead of the big mare, which seemed to ruffle Miss-error not a little, when she let out, and in a short burst was again in the lead, and so continuing to the same part of the home stretch where Vashti broke before; at this instant the latter made a deadly effort and came up, and there is a diversity of opinion whether *she cut in* across the head or tail of the large mare; 'twas instantaneous, and she was in the old field, Mistake going out at her leisure.

Thus ended the sport of that day; anxiety to see the contest throughout was sadly disappointed; with none more so, I think, than with the owner of the Eclipse, who seemed not only willing, but anxious, to see their powers tested fairly. Record:—

MONDAY, April 8, 1838—Jockey Club Purse ——, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. James MacLeod's b. m. *Mistake*, by Eclipse, out of Festival's dam, 5 yrs	1
David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs	bolt.

Time, 4:23.

The second day, only two entries again—Victoria and Sam Johnson. The filly is a keener, but looked out of fix, her hair being the old coat of last year, and of a bad caste. Sam stripped finely, and from his appearance and former exhibitions on this turf had at least the most friends—but away they go, and

oh? "jiminie" such a lick N. never did see. In going round the first turn her little Majesty was fully twenty yards in the lead, and her little Blackey, with ten pounds of lead around him, swung to her reins with all his strength, even to see-sawing, but 'twould'nt do—she would go it, the whole round, Sam barely saving himself from the red flag. The little Vic seemed a little distressed, but she cooled out pretty well, yet some thought she was done up, from her burst in the 1st heat. Sam cooled out calmly, like an old campaigner. In 15 minutes they were off again, and to the astonishment of all, the little filly did her work in the same graceful style, leaving Sam a full distance before entering in the home stretch, where he gave it up, and Victoria also pulled up to a canter. This little "berry," as they call the Luzboroughs in the old Dominion, is a burster, try her who will.

TUESDAY, April 9—Jockey Club Purse ——, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Col. MacLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Festival and Mistake, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Bryan's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Young Scroggins, 5 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 1:55—2:08.

The colt stake was a pretty thing—quick work; but the "Ginger Blue" had the speed, and laid it out in the 1st heat, or it might have been different if they had started again. Knight was out by a few feet, and so *that* ended.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each. Mile heats.

Col. Bryan's gr. f. *Ginger Blue*, by Sir Pitt	1
Col. MacLeod's ch. c. *Red Knight*, by Festival	dist.

Time, 2:05.

The third day the entries were again Sam Johnson and Victoria, the handicap judges taking 17lbs. off Sam, which was supposed to equalize him with any thing wearing hair. Away they went, the filly again in the lead just as the day before, and coming in from 40 to 60 yards ahead, strong in hand. She appeared again distressed a little, and opinion began to fix on Sam, who took all things quietly. They come again, and *tap* is the go. Now Sam do all you can, or give it up. He did so, but never could come up; the little one had it again, but not so openly. The filly seemed now less distressed than ever, and all thought it would be an easy thing next time; Sam as sober as a judge. Again they are off: soon it was lock and lock and so continued throughout, Sam beating a length. Opinion now tended strongly towards Sam. They both cooled out well, and were again at it; Sam took the lead, and kept it throughout. Now the filly was drawn, as she ought to have been; her running the day before, and evidently not right, it was asking too much of her generous spirit to do as much as she did. Result:—

WEDNESDAY, April 10—Handicap Purse ——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Bryan's b. g. *Sam Johnson*, (pedigree above,) 5 yrs., 90lbs	2	2	1	1	1
Col. MacLeod's b. f. *Victoria*, " " 4 yrs., 97lbs	1	1	2	2	dr

Time, 2:13—2:03—2:10—2:10.

After this race a match was concluded, to which Col. McL. consented that the filly should run it. We understand she is, therefore, withdrawn from further labour in this spring campaign, as also her half-sister Mistake. The origin of this latter name may be a little amusing, 'twas thus: old Henrietta, her dam, was sent to Belfield, Va. for accouchement, in attendance on Luzborough. She was under the charge of the late Col. Avery, part owner of Luzborough. She produced her foal, and Col. Avery saw it very early in the morning, so much in twilight that he could not distinguish the sex of it, but thought it was a colt; he went to his desk, and by the mail of that morning informed Col McL. that his old mare had produced the finest and largest colt of the season, &c, which gratified the Col. a good deal, as her produce the year before was a filly, and now a horse. But the next mail brought him another letter from Col. Avery, saying that he had made a mistake, &c. &c. Says the Col. let her name, then, be Mis-take; and may every thing that runs with her, like Vashti, get *mis-taken*. Make what you please out of all the foregoing, any part, all, or none of it, as you please—it is all as true as the *Word*.

The "Spirit" is too d—n—d large—wish you hadn't changed it—can't put it in my hat now. I walk into the farm, and pull it out under the shade—too big for that. Yours, M

FROM AN OLD SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

Mr Editor,—In the publication of my last letter to you, there is a typographical error that ought to be corrected, though apparently trivial; blood-horse owners in our country, like authors and artists, are a touchy race. It was Maria Black's *fourth* heat, and not her *third*, that was run "within three seconds of Eclipse and Henry's 3d heat," and she came home an easy winner by about "six lengths."

"Calamo currente." I will correct some few more errors that have crept into your paper, though not of great importance.

Though it is true that it was "in her old age" Lady Lightfoot was beat by Eclipse, it is not equally so that she was never beat but once. She had been *previously* beaten in at least three races by Timoleon, Beggar Girl, and Swallow; and subsequently, in her last race, by Betsey Richards. Her most signal exploit is omitted in the notice taken of her in Black Maria's memoirs. The Spring she was 4 years old, coming five, at Charleston, S. C., in one week she won three races, the Cup, a Jockey Club, and the Handicap; in the last, carrying her appropriate weight, she beat Haney's famous Maria, Transport (the dam of Bertrand Jr.), Merino Ewe (Gohanna's dam), Little John, and perhaps more, the most famed horses assembled there, exclusive of Timoleon, that was in the same stable—Gen. Wynn's. This led to the betting race a few weeks after, when Vanity, Reality's elder sister, fell dead in running against her, at Newmarket, near Petersburg, Va. The succeeding day Timoleon ran his great four mile race, beating Reality. The two sisters were run by Col. Johnson against the renowned victors in Gen. Wynn's stable. Selden's Maria was sold by Mr. Alexander, her breeder, I am inclined to think, to Col. Selden, (not vice versa,) and by him to Col. Tayloe. But of this I am not positive.

It was *not* Black Maria's great grandam, by Clockfast (the dam of the two famous race nags, Maria, by Shark, and Vingt-un, by Diomed), that was "a celebrated race mare," but her dam, "Burwell's famous Maria," by Regulus.

One other error in your paper must not pass unnoticed. It was *not* Stevens' Janette that "beat the great Henry at Belfield, Va., in the Fall of 1823," a few months after his match with Eclipse; but, at that time, "Harrison's" Janette, "a double Archy," that is, by Sir Archy, out of an Archy mare. They ran 3 mile heats; Henry won the first heat, well contested by Vanity, by Harwood, *another* capital 3 yr. old; Janette won handily the other two heats. A few weeks after, in another race of 3 mile heats, she ran against Henry and Arab, *another* extraordinary 3 yr. old; she won the first heat, but Arab the race, by winning the last two. She was run the next year with great success by Col. Johnson, beating Arab, Marion, Flirtilla, &c., and died soon after, acquiring the name of *Virginia Lafayette*, from having achieved a brilliant victory near Richmond, in the presence of the "Nation's Guest." Stevens' Janette was run in Virginia by Gen. Wynn; and if my memory serves me, was beaten there by Gohanna and Betsey Richards, in two races; but on winning one at Richmond, was bought by Mr. Elliott, Celeste's husband, by whom she was carried to Long Island, and being out of condition, was beaten by Count Piper, in a well contested race, 4 mile heats, the course being heavy, having been lately ploughed up, as alleged at the time, to suit Count Piper. She then past into Mr. Stevens' possession, and entered upon a brilliant racing career, and is now famed as the dam of Fordham, by Eclipse. She is own sister to Sir Charles, her dam by Citizen. In the same letter there is one other mistake in regard to Henry. When beaten by Janette, it was *not* "his only race but one, after his contest with Eclipse." He beat, and was beaten by, Sir William; besides these two races, he beat Janus, and in two other races was beaten by Arab and Marion, and broke down in training, when engaged to run a match against Flirtilla. He had been beaten at least twice, once by Washington, in four heats, *preceding* his match with Eclipse. Though a horse of great power, he was as eminently unfortunate as Eclipse was otherwise.

So the "great *Boston*"—the "phenomenon"—our "modern Eclipse," has been beaten! But such at last was the fate of Napoleon. There may be "two Richmonds in the field." Fortune had become tired of lavishing her favors upon the former. The distance may have been too short for a contest with the speedy colt; I know "the veteran" would have preferred a longer one. Your Northern sportsmen were too wary to match Eclipse in a two mile race. At hat, or three mile heats, Henry would, no doubt, have beaten him. I believe, it was not until entering upon the fourth mile of the second heat that Eclipse was able to take the track from him. With but very few exceptions, the Diomed stock have gained their renown at 3 and 4 yrs. old; and *very* few of his descendants have run well after five years old; I can name but one or two, Florizel, Sir Archy, Timoleon, and some of the most famed of them, did not run after the year they were four. Boston may have trained off; his eight four mile races of last year may have told on him—certainly he has lost his speed. Last Spring, in his great race with Charles Carter, he ran the 1st and 3d miles in 3:42! There can't be such a difference between the courses. The day was fine, and I have no doubt the course was in its best condition. On the same course, his sire Timoleon, at 3 yrs. old, had run the mile in 1:47 and 1:48, distancing the field, hard in hand, the 2d heat; and ran three heats of 2 miles with Reality in 3:49—3:48—3:49. Subsequently, his son Washington was beaten by Sir William, in 3:50—3:45—3:51. Who will suppose they had more speed than Boston last year? Non ego. It is impossible that Sir William was four seconds better in two miles than Boston. About 20 races were run last year in as good time as "the great match" between Portsmouth and Boston. The sequel will prove my assertion. There is no doubt, however, that the victor is a good one; as a 3 yr. old, last year, he beat the best sweepstake nags of Virginia and Maryland, Altorf, &c. &c. At Washington, he beat Col. Stonestreet's fine Tychicus filly, that won her other three sweepstakes, and beat her handily in 3:49, too. Should he and Fordham prove successful throughout the Spring campaign—being of the same age, one by an imported horse, the other of the best native stock, let *them* have a bout in the Autumn, for the honor of their blood and for their States—North and South again. However, Portsmouth is maternally, also, of our Sir Archy blood—his dam by John Richards, that, like Rattler seems to have the peculiar fortune of getting dams of famed winners, more renowned in the second generation than the first.

In a former letter I furnished a brief notice of the most renowned Three and Four mile winners last year, their time, &c. It seems imported Leviathan now heads the list of American Stallions, as the getter of most winners. Eleven of Four mile heats, no other stallion having gotten more than three; Eleven of Three mile heats; and it appears he again heads the list as sire to more winners of Two mile heats than any other stallion. In your last table I enumerate 14 by him, 12 by Eclipse, 11 by Bertrand, 8 by Sir Charles, 6 by Imp. Luzborough, 5 by Imp. Fylde; 5 by Medley, Mons. Tonson, and Woodpecker; 4 by Andrew, Imp. Barefoot, Medoc, and Pacific; 3 by Collier, Henry, Waxy, and Wild Bill; 2 by Imp. Autocrat, Industry, Lance, Sir Lovel, Star, Stockholder, Tychicus, Trumpator, &c. &c.

I annex a notice of the most distinguished Two Milers, like that of the Three and Four milers, you have published, with a slight alteration and abbreviation.

The best two mile races of 1838 may be thus graduated:—

1.	Grey Eagle, by Woodpecker, 3 yrs	3:41—3:43—time disputed.
2.	" " "	3:48—3:44
3.	Suffolk, by Andrew, 4 yrs	3:45—3:47—3:51—John R. won a heat.
4.	" "	3:48—3:50
5.	Joshua Bell, by Frank, 3 yrs	3:46—3:47—3:54
6.	Langford* (Imp.) by Starch, 5 yrs	3:50—3:46—3:57—Suffolk won a heat.
7.	Mary Vaughan, by Waxy, 4 yrs	4:04—3:46
8.	Wagner, by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	3:46—3:56
9.	Angora, by Imp. Leviathan, 5 yrs	3:47—3:49—3:50
10.	Balie Peyton, by Andrew, 4 yrs	3:49—3:48
11.	Polly Green, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3:50—3:48
12.	Manalopan, by Medley, 5 yrs	3:51—3:48
13.	Richard of York, by Star, 5 yrs	3:48—3:51—4:05
14.	Pressure, by Trumpator, 3 yrs	3:52—3:48
15.	Wonder, by Tychicus, 3 yrs	3:50—3:49
16.	George Kenner, by Medoc, 3 yrs	3:49—3:52
17.	Portsmouth, by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs	3:49—3:54
18.	Charles Magic, by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	3:49—3:55
19.	Job,† by Eclipse, 3 yrs	3:49—3:57—4:09—3:59.
20.	Duchess of Carlisle, by Oscar, Jr. 4 yrs	3:49—3:59
21.	Mary Jones, by Imp. Barefoot, 5 yrs	3:40

These are selected from the Table as having been run under 3:50. Boston and Portsmouth ran their match, as reported, in 3:50—3:49.

At the late races at New Orleans, Richard of York won in	3:46—3:44
Bee's-wing, by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs	3:44—3:47
And Kavanagh, by Bertrand, 4 yrs	3:49—3:48—3:49—3:54

Richard of York's time beats any thing on record in this country, excepting the disputed time of Grey Eagle; they put Clara Howard and The Captain in the shade.

Is it not evident Boston was not himself at the late race? or that we have many as speedy as he, and some a little faster?

Nothing more at present. After the campaign we can compare notes as to speed and blood, and then know which go ahead, the get of the modern imported stock other than the Priams, or by our natives, Eclipse, Henry, Monsieur Tonson, &c.

Chateau Margaux and Eclipse covered four years ago in Virginia; their get may be fairly matched against each other.

* He also beat Balie Peyton in 3:48.
† Zenobia, by Imp. Roman, won the 1st heat; the 2d a dead heat.

TOUR OF "N. OF ARKANSAS."

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17th, 1839.

Dear P.,—I am thus far on my way to the *Old Dominion*, and with all my anxiety to get on, find it a difficult task to tear myself from this garden-spot of the world. Let any one sojourn a few days here—mingle with the kind and hospitable people—stand on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, and witness the majestic steamers as they are proudly borne on the bosom of its waters, and ten to one he will agree with the preacher who said heaven was "a Kentucky of a place."

I visited the theatre last evening, and saw the beautiful AUGUSTA; she looks like "an angel just come down from the skies," and is decidedly a small sprinkling past any thing I have ever dreamed of—there is a simplicity and modesty about her that is most bewitching—her dancing is splendid, but her acting is inferior to that of Madame CELESTE. But, oh lordy! what a company they had; Sam Waters can beat them and give them two in the game. To return to Madame Augusta, she must have felt highly complimented by the brilliant assemblage that greeted her on last evening—the loveliest of the lovely creation were there in crowds—peerless beauty shone forth from every part of the house, and winning smiles and bright eyes made a paradise of the spot. And there was a young bride, who had left her childhood's home, and given up the rich treasures of her young heart, and henceforth "her place is by another's side,"—

"Bring flowers, bright flowers for the bride to wear,
They were born to blush in her shining hair."

I am becoming somewhat sentimental, and will change the theme. Col. OLIVER is not here, neither have I had the pleasure of seeing him. I was at the Oakland for a few minutes in company with our friend A. D. H., of L.; the course and fixtures are beautiful, the former singularly shaped, with no long stretches, and from its very formation looks shorter than any mile I have ever seen. I saw a stable in training of Col. Oliver's (I believe), but they were clothed, and I did not examine them; among them was the Medoc filly out of Ironette's dam; she is said to be a clipper and no mistake,—from the partial view I had I should say she was very speedy.

Mr. McKUMPSEY politely shewed me some of his nags, among them was *Esther Cooper* by Orphan Boy, a large mare with some very fine points; she is speedy and thought to be very game. A full sister to *Mary Vaughan* is in the same stable, she is highly finished, but was sadly knocked up in her two year old form. There were also, a Bertrand, Waxy, and Woodpecker—all off but the Bertrand, who was in fine health and condition.

In the great sweepstakes, it is calculated certainly that Grey Eagle, Musedora, and the Mary's, will run. Hawk Eye is curbed and will not start, (so says Minor). The Kentucks will drop a pile on this race; wo betide the fellow who runs a-foul of them, should *Wagner* win. They are a strange people and upset the old maxim, that "a barking dog won't bite," for they will bark and fight—a word and a blow and the blow first—I believe they cannot help exulting; it appears to me they would burst if they could not give vent to their feelings. It is their very nature to believe that Kentucky can beat the world *from Mumble the Peg*, to *Horse racing*. In haste, Truly yours, N.

P.S.—Pete is along, his eyes are nearly popped in gazing at curiosities. He keeps a journal for lawyer McCampbell. I will try and *steal* it for you.

FROM OUR MOBILE CORRESPONDENT.

MOBILE, Feb. 17th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The Trotting races here are just over, every purse being taken by northern nags; they were but poorly attended, however, and the time slow. Amongst the victors are old *Rolla, Invincible, Sailor Boy, Lady Tate*, etc., etc., all familiar favorites of your Third Avenue. The weather was beautiful, and Mint Julaps "not slow."

Mobile is dull beyond precedent, and business completely at a stand. Notwithstanding all this, however, CELESTE is drawing large houses at the theatre, and on Monday night, numbers were unable to obtain admittance to her benefit.

Miss ELLEN TREE is now at St. Louis, where "Old Sol" is in all his glory. FORREST finished at New Orleans last night, and begins at Vicksburg on the 22d, and then proceeds to St. Lous. FINN went to the wrong shop in Texas. J. R. SCOTT is in Orleans, where GEO. BARRETT had a large benefit on Saturday last. BOOTH is "no where," as they say on the English turf. The RAVELS and Mad. LECOMPTE have been doing well in Havana. Madame HUTIN (formerly of the Bowery) is in Orleans, having been exiled with other French families from Mexico. Celeste begins in Orleans again on the 22d, at the St. Charles. Mrs. GREENE is to have a complimentary benefit, at the Camp. THORNE does not do well at Natchez, but maintains his ground well in Vicksburg.

The second great boat race between Mobile and New Orleans, for 1,000 aside, terminated in favor of the Mobile club boat *Celeste*.

The beautiful appearance of the "Spirit of the Times," creates quite a sensation in the South, and is even preferable to "Bell's Life;" being void of the gross matter sometimes contained in the latter journal.

Strawberries are now the go, and in a few days "cherries ripe" will be the cry. Weather beautiful. FORREST has subscribed $3000 for the re-building of the theatre here, and Miss CLIFTON $1000. I am glad to add, that the fair favorite is in better health, and at the last dates was acting at Montgomery. These are all the items I can gather at present—more anon.

Primeval Coincidence.—As one among other singular coincidences, there is at the present time a man named "Cain Abel" keeping the "Adam and Eve" tavern in Norwich.

English Sporting Intelligence.

We always look with interest to the decisions of "Bell's Life" on sporting subjects, as we have a good many knotty questions submitted to us where precedents are useful. In a recent instance, the following case came before us in our judicial capacity:—

"A bets B $500 on Suffolk against Clarion, Play or Pay, for the first Two mile race on Long Island. Clarion does not start, but Suffolk does, and is distanced. Who wins?"

To this we unequivocally made answer, that the bet was off, on the ground that a horse distanced was "no where," and for sundry other reasons good and sufficient, no one of which, however, did we take the trouble to propound. Some fault has been found with that decision, and the idea of an appeal to the Jockey Club (if we ever get one) has been started. Much can doubtless be said on either side, and it may therefore be useful to "stick a pin" in the following analogous case recently "heard" before "Bell's Life," and rightly decided—

"A takes a horse against B, P.P. A's horse does not start, and B's is not placed. Who wins?—The bet is off."

We have been a good deal pestered with a recent question in whist, our decision of which was not fancied. As we were not ready to back our judgment to the extent of our fortune, (a pair of boots made to wade the North River and Stump Pond, with a "castor" to match,) we did not report the case. But we find the same point met in our London brother's sheet, and now give the *coup-de-grace* to the controversy.

"A and B are three love against C and D. A scores game, holding two honors. C, however, gets the odd trick, and contends that so doing saves one point in the game, as tricks count before honors. A denies it, saying that tricks are useless unless sufficient to count game.—A, at the point specified, is correct."

As these decisions often amuse us, we annex any number of them, from the same source.

Can a person claim to look at any number of tricks turned and quitted, or how many may he look at, according to law?—The last trick turned and the trick not turned nor quitted.

A backs Abraham Newland against the field for the Chester Cup. Birdlime walks over. Does B win?—Yes.

Harkaway never started in a steeple chace.

A "Cross" has many meanings: among others, "selling a fight."

Was a horse ever known to jump 36 feet?—Yes.

Did any horse ever clear fifty feet in one leap?—Yes—down a precipice.

Captain Barclay was the only person who ever walked one thousand miles or upwards in the same number of successive hours. Several have professed to have done the same feat, but their "deeds" were not properly authenticated.

Mr. Dixon's Nonpareil trotted the 100 miles match over Sunbury Common in 10 hours 7 minutes.

Thirty-three feet we have known to be cleared by Lottery. This we believe has been exceeded, but we have no authentic data.

The animals at Drury Lane, as well as those lately arrived, do not belong to Van Amburgh.

A child born in New York, of English parents, is a Yankee.

Touchstone, the property of the Marquis of Westminster, won the Ascot Cup in 1837.

Lord Eglinton won 39 races last year.

The Colonel won the St. Leger in Bessy Bedlam's year, 1828.

If I ride a horse for a race or steeple chace, and pass the winning post first, can I claim the stake if my horse die directly, if I carry my weight back to scale?—Yes.

Lord Jersey has nothing in the next Doncaster St. Leger.

Our readers will recollect the long controversy in which Mr. Theobald was last year involved in relation to the pedigree of his horse *Loutherbourg*. His horse won the Goodwood Stakes, *St. Luke* being second; the owners of St. Luke claimed the stakes on the ground that Mr. Theobald had started his horse under a false pedigree and age. Subsequently the Stewards of the Jockey Club decided that the stakes should be given up to Mr. Theobald, he having fully substantiated the correctness of the terms of his entry, but they at the same time decided that in 1837, the year previous, Loutherbourg did start under a false pedigree. The fraud, however, was confessedly not on the part of Mr. Theobald, but of the former owners of the horse. Some mystery however, hung about the intention of the former owner, in starting his horse by different descriptions. Out of that controversy as to the dam of Loutherbourg has grown another question as to an entry on the approaching Derby.

(FROM THE RACING CALENDAR.)

Mr Holbrook having a colt entered for the Derby Stakes in 1839, as a black colt Hamlet, by Camel, dam by Smolensko, out of Miss Chance, by Trinidad, and this colt being out of the dam of Mr. Theobald's Loutherbourg, he requested the Stewards of the Jockey Club to decide whether the colt is qualified to start for the Derby, under this description, after the decision which was given by the Stewards of Goodwood Races in October last, respecting the pedigree of Loutherbourg; and he stated that he was prepared to prove the correctness of the entry of Hamlet for the Derby Stakes. A meeting, in consequence took place at Mr. Weatherby's office, on the 22d of February, and, by adjournment, on the 23d of February, present—Hon. Capt. Rous, Steward; Hon. Col. Anson, deputed by Lord Chesterfield as Steward; the Earl of Stradbroke and Lord John Fitzroy, requested by the above Stewards to assist.

REPORT.

The undersigned, having carefully examined the witnesses brought by Mr. Holbrook, and also Mr. Theobald's books containing an account of the mares covered by his stallions from 1827 to 1835 inclusive, are unanimously of opinion that the correctness of the pedigree with which Hamlet is entered for the Derby

is clearly established. The undersigned are also satisfied that the mare which is the dam of this colt was wrongly described for her three engagements at two years old—viz., at Epsom and Ascot as b. f. Fancy, sister to Fashion, and at Egham as a filly by Phantom, dam by Skim, out of Striking Beauty; and that the Duke of Richmond, whose filly Conciliation ran second to her for the stake at Egham, 1830, is entitled to receive those stakes, which after the investigation into Loutherbourg's pedigree in 1838, were paid to Mr. Weatherby by Mr. Holbrook, to be transmitted to the Duke of Richmond, but which his Grace declined to receive until the opinion of the Stewards of the Jockey Club should be given. On the 23d of February, Mr. Theobald presented a letter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, requesting that they would give him an opportunity of proving that his horse Loutherbourg was correctly entered for the Goodwood Plate in 1837, and thus remove the disqualification under which that horse is placed by the decision of the Steward of Goodwood Races, 1838. The undersigned have fully examined Mr. Theobald's books and other documentary evidence not produced at the former investigation, and coupling this with the testimony of the witnesses, have come unanimously to the conclusion that Loutherbourg was got by Mameluke, his dam (foaled in 1828) by Smolensko, out of Miss Chance, by Trinidad, as described in the entry for the Goodwood Plate, 1837, and that his *dam* was wrongly described by Mr. Farrell on the part of Mr. Holbrook when he was entered for the Two years old Stakes at Epsom in 1836, with a view to conceal the fraud which had been committed by running her under a wrong pedigree at two years old. The undersigned have been unable to discover the reason of Loutherbourg being entered incorrectly for this stake at Epsom as to his *sire* also, but the mystery which hangs upon this part of the question is not sufficient in their opinion to outweigh the positive and various testimony which has been given in proof of the horse being got by Mameluke.

H. J. Rous, Stradbroke,
March 5, 1839. George Anson, John Fitzroy.

Upon this decision, the "Age" comes out with the following scorching remarks upon the owners of St. Luke, which are wholly undeserved by them, as they had very sufficient ground for raising the question they did. But we quote the article in justice to Mr. Theobald.

Well, indeed, may we congratulate the friends of the Turf on the victory which has at length been so triumphantly gained by right over might. The Committee of the Jockey Club have done their duty nobly. They have satisfactorily proved that, however diseased and rotten some of its members may be, the Club is still sound at the core, and that it has in no way forfeited its claim to be regarded as a pure court of honour and justice. With such a result before us, we feel no little meed of credit is due to ourselves for the part we have taken in the affair.

"'Twas a consummation devoutly to be wished."—It must, we take it, be a proud day for the owner of Loutherbourg to find his calumniators so completely floored.

What a contrast do the straightforward, unbiassed proceedings and investigation by the Jockey Club, present to the one-sided, tortuous, gravelly doings of the Pedigree Hunters.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this."

The Committee of the Club, it would appear, did not content themselves with a hasty, hurried, and imperfect enquiry into the matter. They had no object to gain by jumping to a predetermine d conclusion, despite the facts and evidence. They therefore "carefully examined the witnesses, as well as Mr. Theobald's books, and other documentary evidence not produced at the former investigation; and having done so, they were unanimously of opinion that Loutherbourg was properly entered by Mr. Theobald, at Goodwood."

As to the misnomers, erroneous pedigrees, and doings of the breeder of the colt and his ex-trainer, these we do not stop to enquire about. We have always felt, as we do now, that they do not enter into the question about the Goodwood Stakes—the only point in which the public had any interest. And why did we feel so? Simply because the present owner of the horse having discovered that he had been entered for the stakes before he bought him, by an incorrect pedigree, he most properly probed the matter to the bottom, and having got at the truth, he himself entered him for other stakes, as every gentleman would do, by his proper pedigree. And if he had not been beset by a set of hornets, but had been allowed every fair and proper opportunity of establishing the correctness of the pedigree by which the horse ran and won the stakes at Goodwood, we have no doubt whatever he would, as he has done now, satisfactorily established the pedigree to their hearts' content. But such an act of justice did not suit the mean, sordid views of the St. Lukites, and he was consequently forced to have recourse to the Jockey Club for a fair and impartial enquiry into the merits of the case. As it has turned out, however, it was perhaps a fortunate denial of justice, as it has afforded the owner an opportunity of obtaining the judgment on the pedigree of his horse of a committee of the Jockey Club, whose names are synonymous with honour itself, and who, we will be bound to say, conducted the enquiry with the utmost fairness and the most scrupulous impartiality. True, they had not the same interest in the issue of the enquiry as others may have had; they had no motives for entrapping witnesses into admissions to meet particular views, or for twisting and distorting evidence—none of them were interested to the tune of 2000*l*.—say "two thousand pounds"—there was no screw loose among them—'twas no neck-or-nothing affair with any of them or their Tail. So much the better; it allowed their decision to emanate from conviction alone, and "no mistake."

In our last we copied from the "Morning Post," a judicious article by "Index;" and now make room for the second of the series, to which is added the quotations of the betting on the 19th March, at Tattersall's, four days later than is furnished by "Bell's Life."

Sir—The liberality of Sir Gilbert Heathcote has, for the second time, enabled us to have some racing at Epsom previous to the Newmarket Craven Meeting, which is considered the virtual commencement of the season. It is too early in the season for horse and man. Duly appreciating, therefore, as I do, the good intentions of the worthy Baronet, I would suggest, as an amendment for a future year, that the time of this meeting be fixed for the week that intervenes between the Craven and first Spring.

The result in the Derby betting from the Epsom running, which, I believe, was sufficiently important to be expressed "to the corner," was to send Oroonoko, one of the favoured "lot," fairly to the devil, and to advance Melbourne from quite the outside ranks to 40 to 1; at all events, many friends at any price exceeding it. Discussing this horse Melbourne, by Emilius, the most fashionable sire of the day, it will be as well to add that he started only once last year, and was then beaten off. I feel an ugly twinge, sir, as I remind your readers of Loutherbourg and the Goodwood Stakes. It will be just as well to remember that a horse need not be bad because beaten once, and I happen to know that this Melbourne has been backed so handsome that it is quite a certainty he will win if he can, and, in these enlightened days, this is something. I perceive I have not yet given the why this horse advanced in the betting, which is, that an Oaks filly, the property of the same gentleman, Captain Williamson, won the sweepstakes at Epsom in a handcanter, and the idea is so universal that I conclude it must be just, that if one in a stable runs well it speaks well for the rest, and in truth very many instances could be quoted. So much for Capt. Williamson's Melbourne.

In consequence of these races, the attendance at Tattersall's was thin, but the betting by no means unimportant. The brother to B. Middleton more than recovered his lost ground, and most deservedly. Since I last addressed you I have had the pleasure of seeing this horse take his gallop, and such action, such a goer I do not remember. When we look back at the performances of Achmet, Bay Middleton, Glencoe, Ibrahim, all near relations, it is not surprising that no one will stand against Lord Jersey's favourite if they can avoid it. Another horse that rose in the betting is the Dey of Algiers. I should say that the running of Mr. E. Peel's horses at Northampton and Coventry (that gentleman being the original owner of the Dey) might have caused this: 15 to 1 would have been taken "to a sum." Meunier, one more of John Day's, received a knock-down blow; an offer was made to back Wapiti even against him for four figures in spite of this, the lot were backed at 8 to 1! Scott's horses took one more step the wrong way. Public opinion would indicate the Lord Mayor to be the Don. Scott has, however, doubtless put his particular friends in the way they should go. Poor Cobham, what a cruel thing it was when he broke down at Doncaster, he would have been second, as Jem Robinson said, after the race.

Some important changes are to occur in the betting on Monday. The contemplation of a visit on an extended scale to the Heath, previous to that day is the cause of this announcement.

It is extraordinary how much of the betting at Tattersall's is executed on commission. The risk attending this mode of doing business falls entirely on the commissioner, who, unlike the gentlemen usually congratulating themselves under that appellation, getting nothing for their trouble. From the way in which these commissions are sought, it seems to be the general opinion that the information they are supposed to convey amply compensates for the trouble, for instance, to back a horse for a couple of hundred probably makes him a better favourite, and if the commission pleases, he can, of course, lay out his pony to advantage. The commissioner is often very unpleasantly situated, as, although the quotation of the odds is so ably and impartially reported, yet it is often impossible to convey a correct idea of the actual state of the betting to those who are not *in it*. A man in the country may see a horse quoted at 30 to 1, and write to take it: open your mouth on the subject and 25 to 1 is the highest offer. Again, offer to bet on such and such a horse, nobody will back him, perhaps, at any price. I have repeatedly seen instances of this, and very lately in fact, betting at Tattersall's is the same as jobbing on the Stock Exchange the jobber's first step is to discover if you have business to do, his next whether you are a buyer or a seller, and then to frame his prices accordingly. To make a good book a man must in reality be an "artful dodger."

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TATTERSALL'S, March 19.

A considerable number of horses were comprehended in the business transacted this afternoon, and in several cases at odds varying from those quoted in our paper of Friday last. Brother to Bay Middleton was backed with spirit at 9 to 1, and left off steady at offers of 8½ to 1; Flambeau was at 15 to 1, but no money was laid out upon him. The Dey of Algiers gave his friends a terrible fright in the early part of the day; 20 to 1 was offered, and "he was lame" was the inference drawn as a matter of course; nevertheless he rallied in a short time, and before the books were shut up for the day it would have been difficult to get 18 to 1. Kremlin had a strong party in the room; he opened at 20 to 1, and, after two or three small sums were laid out, rose two points, at which he was also backed. Tros was backed at 20 to 1 three or four times, and was quotable at that price until nearly half-past six, when 24 to 1 was betted against him; at the same time (the majority having then quitted) 30 to 1 was offered against The Lord Mayor, whose nominal price had previously been only 25 to 1. Zimmerman "came again;" 30 to 1 was taken to a hundred pounds, and the backers would have gone on. His companions, Epidaurus, Accelerator, and Erin-go-Bragh showed no sign of improvement. Melbourne, Brother to Mouche, Dragsman, and Chimborazo, were in considerable favor, but Meunier will be found to have received a knock-down blow; his fall cannot have surprised those who have noticed the betting of late. The betting closed at a late hour as follows:—

600 to 100	agst Scott't lot (t)
25 to 1	—— Sir G. Heathcote's lot (t)
28 to 1	—— Mr. Thornhill's three (take 30 to 1)
8½ to 1	—— Lord Jersey's Bro. to Bay Middleton (take 9 to 1)
15 to 1	—— Duke of Rutland's Flambeau
18 to 1	—— Col. Peel's The Dey of Algiers (t)
18 to 1	—— Duke of Cleveland's Kremlin (t)
24 to 1	—— Lord Albemarle's Tros (t)
25 to 1	—— Lord Jersey's Ilderim
30 to 1	—— Col. Anson's Zimmerman (t)
30 to 1	—— Lord Westminster's The Lord Mayor
30 to 1	—— Mr. Bowes's Epidaurus
33 to 1	—— Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt
33 to 1	—— Duke of Grafton's Æther
35 to 1	—— Lord Lichfield's Gulnare colt (t)
35 to 1	—— Mr. Bowes's Accelerator
36 to 1	—— Mr. Bowes's Erin-go-Bragh (t)
40 to 1	—— Mr. Batson's Bro. to Plenipo
40 to 1	—— Mr. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury (t)
45 to 1	—— Capt. Williamson's Melbourne (t)
45 to 1	—— Sir G. Heathcote's Chimborazo
50 to 1	—— Duke of Richmond's Meuniur
50 to 1	—— Mr. Dixon's Camelino (t)
50 to 1	—— Mr. Wreford's Wapiti (t)
50 to 1	—— Mr. Thornhill's Bro. to Mouche (t)
50 to 1	—— Lord Suffield's Vernon (t)
50 to 1	—— Mr. G. Clark's Dragsman (t)
1000 to 10	—— Mr. T. Walters's The Deputy (t)
1000 to 10	—— Mr. Theobald's (nomination) Hamlet (t)
2000 to 10	—— Mr. Cookes's Lady Day (t)
1000	even between Epidaurus and Zimmerman (t)
1000 to 5000	on Tros agst Chimborazo (t)
35 to 1	each agst Erin-go-Bragh, Accelerator, and Zimmerman (taken in one bet)

THE OAKS.

500 even between Duke of Richmond's Reel and Fulwar Craven's Deception (t)

Lord Chesterfield has consented to continue the mastership of the Pytchley hounds during the next season.

Lord Petre, who has for so many years kept up a liberal hunting establishment in Essex, is about to break it up, and the Quorndon hounds, so highly prized by the sportsmen of that country, will be sold.

On Tuesday last, Donation, the property of Mr. Wormald, dropped a very fine filly foal to The Saddler.

Mr. Kirby of this city, has purchased of Mr. Burton, of Water Fulford, his fine horse, Eros. He is intended for Russia, having been purchased for the Emperor.

By order of the Minister of Commerce, horses running for government-prizes in all races are in future to carry an additonal weight of 4lb. Paris Paper.

On Sunday last, Mr. Wreford's Mouche produced a fine chesnut filly by Taurus, at the Turf-tavern, Doncaster; and on Tuesday, Camarine's dam produced a ch f by Lamplighter, at the same place.

Mr. Bowe's brood mare, Emma, (the dam of Mundig) produced a fine filly foal to Velocipede, on the 15th of February, at Moor Park, where she had been sent to Touchstone.

Mr. S. King's Jubilee dropped a fine bay colt on the 19th Feb. by Muley Moloch; she has arrived at Mr. Kirby's to be put to him again. Bessy Bedlam, and her dam Lunatic, have also arrived at Mr. Kirby's; they are both in foal to Muley, and have come to be put to him again.

Mr. Alderson's bay mare, Bess, of Tickhill, dropped a handsome filly foal, on Wednesday last, to Young Whisker, the property of Mr. Hodgson, of Doncaster.

Foals.—On Tuesday week a filly foal by The Saddler, out of Mr. John Scott's Barbara; Mr. Elwes's Misnomer, a colt to Mundig, Lord Lichfield's Miniature, a colt to Bay Middleton; Mr. H. S. Thomson's Lady Fulford, a colt to Sheet Anchor; Mr. Bowes's Maid of Lune (own sister to Emma and Maria), a filly to Bay Middleton—she will be put to Bretby; Lord G. Bentinck's Muliana and Flycatcher, colts to Bay Middleton; Lord Eglinton's Zillah, a bay colt to Bay Middleton; Mr. Osborne's Mamsel Otz, a colt to Tomboy; Constantia, a colt to Augustus; Camarine's dam, a filly to Lamplighter.

Lord George Bentinck's mare, Callisto, which ran second for the Oaks last year, died a few days since of the strangles.

On Friday se'nnight Earl Talbot had a severe fall on the coursing ground near Liverpool. While riding at full speed his horse fell, and before his Lordship could rise the horse rolled upon and injured him near the hip. Fortunately restoratives were at hand, and the Noble Earl was well enough to return home by one of the railway trains on the following day.

Melton Mowbray, March 12.—The severe weather for the last week has stopped all hunting operations, an adverse circumstance, considering the brilliant circle now assembled here.

A steeple chase for a considerable sum amongst the leading sporting characters comes off on Monday next. Croxton races are fixed for the subsequent Thursday and Friday, and are expected to be unequalled in first-rate sport. On this occasion the Duke of Rutland will entertain a distinguished circle at Belvoir Castle, including the Duke of Cambridge; the Earl of Wilton, at Egerton Lodge; and Sir F. Johnstone, the Marquis of Waterford, and Lord Dysart at the mansion formerly Sir Harry Goodricke's.

Mr. Grant has made considerable progress in his picture of the gentlemen of the Melton Hunt, intended as a companion to the meeting of the Royal staghounds, whilst under the Earl of Chesterfield's direction. Two-and-twenty portraits are already introduced, the likenesses most striking, and the work, we venture to predict, will be the most popular this talented artist has hitherto produced.

Extraordinary Chace with the Cottesmore Hounds.—On Saturday week these justly celebrated hounds met at Leesthorpe, near Melton Mowbray, when a large field of first rate Rutland and Leicestershire sportsmen assembled, mounted on their choicest steeds. After trying Buttermilk Hills and the Punchbowl Coverts, they returned to Ranksborough Gorse from which place a fine fox was soon viewed away; the hounds were well laid on a scent breast high, and ran at a bursting pace in the direction of the above-mentioned coverts and the village of Burton, near which place the Whissundine river had to be charged. Although a very large field assembled, this task considerably weeded it, only a few attempting the leap, which was well performed by about half a dozen, but in the attempt Sir David Baird and another or two enjoyed a cold bath. Sly reynard, after making a circuit of a few miles, returned and recrossed the river, which was again gallantly charged by the same parties, who were now rejoined by many who had met with "the period." A fine field now went away, at a top pace, to Cold Overton, and round the house and grounds of Frewen Turner, Esq.; thence, over the most picturesque and beautiful part of Leicestershire, to Ashby Pasture, where, after a run of nearly two hours, it is supposed the hounds got on the scent of a fresh fox, which led them at an increased pace back to Burton, where hounds, horses, and riders were all completely exhausted, and the former where whipped off the scent. Several noblemen had more than one change of horses; amongst whom, the Marquis of Waterford had five in the field, and Colonel Lowther three; but even a second and a third were knocked up, and many had to be left behind for the night. The run from first to last occupied two hours and forty minutes, with only two or three slight checks; and out of a field of at least 200, only about a dozen made their appearance at the finale at Burton, amongst whom were Lambert, the huntsman (who, we are happy to say, has quite recovered from his late severe accident), Colonel Lowther, Lord William Powlett, Sir F. Johnston, Sir J. Musgrave, Lord Wilton, the Marquis of Waterford, the Rev. R. Lucas, Messrs. G. and S. Hunt, and Mr. Brookes, of Stamford.—The oldest and most experienced sportsmen declared this to have been the most severe and distressing run they ever witnessed.

Trotting.—Great excitement prevailed on the Stratford-road, on Tuesday last, in consequence of it being known that Mr. Fitter, butcher, of Broomsgrove-street, had matched his chesnut pony, eighteen years of age, thirteen hands high, to trot twelve miles within the hour. It was decided that the start should be made at the three-mile stone from Birmingham, to go five miles out, and seven in. So great was the interest felt, that not less than three hundred horsemen could have been present, with a vast concourse of pedestrians. At twelve o'clock the pony was brought to the start, and in appearance looked more fit for the "knacker's drawing room" than a race; several heavy bets at 6 to 4 were laid on time. Every necessary arrangement being made, Mr. Fitter went off at a spanking rate, and did the first three miles in three minutes and a half each; the odds then veered round 6 to 4 on the pony, and the backers on time looked as blue as a carbuncle nose on a frosty morning. The pony broke twice, but turned round in a twinkling. and as he neared the winning stone some unsportsmanlike efforts were made by a few backers of time to prevent Mr. Fitter winning the match, but in spite of them the pony came in as fresh as a rose, with eight minutes and a half to spare, and it is stated that he could, with ease, have accomplished fourteen miles. Although the match was only for £20, hundreds have changed hands on that event.

Leaping Match.—At the monthly dinner of the Renfrewshire Hunting Club, on the 28th ult., Mr. A Eccles, who rides 12st 11lb., offered to bet that he would leap a stone wall 4 feet 9 inches high with his celebrated mare Moll, for 15 sovs, which was immediately taken, and the appointment made. Notwithstanding the day was unfavourable (alternately rain and heavy snow showers), a large party of gentlemen were on the ground. Mr. Eccles appeared with his mare, both in excellent spirits, which gave a favourable turn to the betting, and 5 to 3 was readily given in his favour. Just as the wall had been examined, and all preliminaries arranged, the snow began to fall so densely that the wall could scarcely be seen ten paces distant. He, however, put the mare to it, but owing to the softness of the footing and the heavy snow, she fell short and came down. After repeated trials the mare, although stimulated with the "enticers," could not be brought to face the wall; indeed, the snow continuing to fall, rendered it, if not impracticable to take the leap, at least advisable, for the safety of the rider as well as the mare, to defer it till another day. Mr. Eccles, before leaving the field, offered to bet 20 sovs with any 20 gentlemen present that he would take the leap any day in April, and it is expected arrangements will be made for another trial. Mr. E. is a juvenile sportsman, this being his first season in the field, and the spirit he has already displayed in various runs with Lord Kelburn's hounds augurs well of his future celebrity.

Extraordinary Leaping.—A considerable party assembled at Noctorum, near Birkenhead, on Tuesday week, in consequence of a leaping engagement appointed to come off, in which Mr. Alexander M'Donough and his brown hunter were the heroes. The match was for 100 guineas a side: the condition, that the aforesaid horse, piloted by Mr. M'Donough, should clear a six feet wall three times within the hour. The match was won with ease within the ten minutes, without the noble animal being in the slightest degree distressed. Mr. M'Donough offered to take 300 guineas to 100, that the *pair*, which in this instance seemed to be *one*, should clear a seven feet wall; but the losers were quite satisfied with the day's sport, and thought it quite good enough as it was.

The Three Tom Smith's.—Everybody has heard the story of the wag who called aloud in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, "Mr. Smiths, your house is on fire,"—whereupon a hundred and twenty-five Mr. Smiths arose, and when he continued, "It is Mr. John Smith's house," that *ten* sat down; leaving a preponderance of a hundred and fifteen Johns in a net amount of one hundred and twenty-five Smiths. It is a singular fact connected with that extensive nomenclature (we do not pledge ourselves for the truth of the theatrical story) that there were, at one and the same period, three individuals in this country hunting foxhounds all of the familiar appellation of Tom Smith—namely, Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq., hunting his own hounds; Thomas Smith, Esq., hunting the Craven, a subscription pack; and Thomas Smith, those of the late Lord Middleton. This was an odd coincidence: and were our phrenologists to examine the craniums of such Tom Smiths as might be available, there is reason to suppose a harvest of bumps venatorial would reward the search.

Sporting Review, No. II.

Sago as Food for Horses.—We some time ago gave to the public the result of our inquiries as to the article of sago as food for horses; we now lay before our readers a letter from a gentleman, whom we consider as of first-rate authority—one whose opinion is of some consequence, either on the turf or stable economy; it is as follows, and we give it at full length:—

"Edinburgh, Dec. 8, 1838.

"Mr. Baildon: Sir,—In answer to your inquiries to me, as to the result of my feeding horses on sago, I have not until now felt at liberty to give it, not choosing to do so until I was perfectly satisfied on the subject myself.

"I have now, however, had a very fair trial of this food for nearly three months, and on a considerable number of horses. I have now, and have had for some time past, twenty-nine horses feeding with sago twice a-day, and thirteen horses feeding four times a-day, or altogether on sago—that is to say, without any oats. I find that these horses stand their work as well, if not better, than when fed on the best oats, and my saving cannot be estimated at less than 25 per cent. in favor of the sago. I have, out of this number of horses, two which do not take it so well as the others, which are very fond of it.

"I conceive sago is peculiarly suitable as food for hunters, in a proportion of one feed a-day. Gruel made from it, in the proportion of one pound of sago to three gallons of water, will be found, I should think, a most valuable restorative to hunters after a severe day in the field. The best way to make this, is to take a quantity of the sago prepared in the ordinary way, and dilate it with warm water to the necessary extent, or, if the sago is more conveniently carried by the groom dry, one pound can be softened with five pounds of boiling water, and then diluted with the necessary quantity of water.

"I am satisfied that if sago can be supplied in sufficient quantity to be sold at the present moderate price, that it must always rank high as an article of food for horses.

"You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Isaac Scott."

Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

The Bearing Rein.—At the Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, the Arts, &c., Mr. M'Adam exhibited a set of Scotch harness, which he brought forward with a view to convince the public that want of care in the use of draught horses in this kingdom added considerably to the expense of hauling in general. The price of the harness was only £3 11s. The saddle-tree was constructed with peculiar care, and sat as easy on the horse's back as a riding saddle, so that the horse felt the lateral motion of the shafts of the cart. The bridle was distinguished by the absence of a bearing-rein, which Mr. M'Adam was convinced did no good, but rather harm; and he was glad to find that reason was generally prevailing over custom and prejudice and driving it out. He had long noticed the disadvantages of the bearing-rein. One was, the elongation of the horse's mouth by the force he used to get his head out to use the muscles in the way which nature designed. He was coming up a hill from Exeter some time since on a coach, when the horses stood still, refusing to take the load up the hill; by the permission of the coachman he (Mr. M'Adam) took the bearing-reins off the horses, and they immediately proceeded up the hill with the load.

English Sportsmen in France.—We translate the following from a Paris paper:—The *Publicateur des Cotes du Nord* complains, that for some time past the English in that part of Britanny, have destroyed the crops, and insulted the farmers while out shooting, and that instead of following this sport for pleasure, they do so for the purpose of selling the game in the markets, or sending it over to England to be disposed of. Several landowners, acting under this impression, have, as we find by the same journal. addressed a petition to the Prefect of the Department, requesting that *portes d'armes* may in future be refused to the English residents. The moment we perused the above statement, we felt convinced that this journal was misinformed, and that the farmers, unaccustomed to English habits in sporting matters, viewed in the light of a trespass that which was not intended as such. As to the selling of the game, the accusation is too absurd to be entertained for one moment. We have since received a communication from an English gentleman of the highest respectability, residing at St. Brieux, who informs us that the whole affair originates in a jealous feeling against the English sportsmen for being better shots than the proprietors themselves. It appears also that upon being called upon by the Prefect to point out any individuals who had acted in the manner alleged, the framers of the petition in question could not specify a single person. While, therefore, we would remind our readers how tenaciously the right of property is observed here (France) where the subdivision of property does not allow of the same uninterrupted range of ground which is often met with in England, we cannot but coincide in opinion with our correspondent, that the refusal of *portes d'armes* on such a frivolous pretext, would only have the effect of driving away many English families, and thereby injuring the principal interests of that part of the country.

A Sporting Cow.—The Galewood hounds met at Ford-common on Monday last, and found a fox somewhere in that neighborhood, which, after a severe run, was fortunate enough to baffle all his foes amongst the complicated mazes of Tindal House Wood. As the hunting party went galloping along by the village of Etal, a white cow, belonging to Mr. Smith, of Etal Mill, feeding in a court-yard with two or three others, on hearing the blast of the horn which the whipper-in was sounding to warn in some of the stray dogs which had been left out of the chase, became so elated, that she commenced scampering in good earnest, and cleared the gate of the yard in gallant style. She next went boldly at another gate which opposed her, but missing her footing she alighted on it with her breast, and smashed it to the ground. The gate that she leaped over successfully was upwards of five feet two inches. Berwick Adv.

A RUSSIAN POSTILION.

The great pace at which the Russians generally go when the road is good is very dangerous for the postilion, since, if his horse falls, the wheels cannot be stopped in time, and he is run over and probably killed. Such accidents are not uncommon on the great roads. It is astonishing how well the istvostchiks drive four horses abreast through the bad roads, wearing gloves like those of an English hedger, made without fingers, and holding three reins in each hand. There is no country where a little extra drink-money will do so much as here. They are very good-humored fellows, and generally when they come to be paid, put on what they evidently consider a most insinuating tone and manner: they come to the carriage-door, pull off their hats and make a low bow; they then shake back their long hair, which this performance has brought into their eyes, and say *navopka batushka*, or *nachai*, as the case may be, in their most persuasive tone. Batushka is a sort of endearing and at the same time respectful address, which is commonly used to superiors, as brat or brother is to equals and inferiors; it signifies literally *little father*. When they receive their money they generally look satisfied, while at the same time they often think a little more may be had for the asking, and they remark with an insinuating smile, that they have driven very well; and if a small coin is, on this plea, added to their navodka, they retire highly delighted, with a profusion of thanks and bows. One man in the middle of our journey amused us much by turning round to M——, after he had received the usual drink-money, and saying, "Ah Marie Alexandrovina, I'm sure you'll give me a good navodka, for I knew your father, and your uncles, and all the family." He had probably found out who we were from the courier.

A RUSSIAN MASQUERADE.

About Christmas, masquerades are much in vogue in Russia, and even when an ordinary ball is given at this season, it is not unusual to place candles in the windows of the house, as a signal that masks are admitted without invitation. At the period to which this story refers, namely, the Christmas of 1834, a ball was given at a house at Petersburg, which was mentioned, but I have forgotten the name of the owner, and the ordinary signal was displayed for the admission of masks, several of whom arrived in the course of the evening, stayed a short time as usual, and departed. At length a party entered, dressed as Chinese, and bearing on a palanquin a person whom they called their chief, saying that it was his fete-day. They set him down very respectfully in the middle of the room, and commenced dancing what they said was their national dance around him. When this was concluded they separated, and mingled with the general company, speaking French very well, and making themselves extremely agreeable. After a while they began gradually to disappear unnoticed, slipping out of the room one or two at a time, till at last they were all gone, leaving their chief still sitting motionless in dignified silence in his palanquin in the middle of the room. The ball began to thin, and the attention of those who remained was wholly drawn to the grave figure of the Chinese mask. The master of the house at length went up to him, and told him that his companions were all gone, politely begging him to take off his mask, that he and the guests might know to whom they were indebted for all the pleasure which the exhibition had afforded them. The Chinese, however, gave no reply by word or sign, and a feeling of uneasy curiosity gradually drew around him the guests who remained in the ball-room. The silent figure still took no notice of all that was passing around him, and the master of the house at length with his own hand took off the mask, and discovered to the horrified by-standers the face of a corpse. The police were immediately sent for, and, on a surgical examination of the body, it appeared to be that of a man who had been strangled a few hours before. Nothing, however, could be discovered either at the time or afterwards which could lead to the identity of the murdered man, or the discovery of the actors in this extraordinary scene: it was found, on inquiry, that they arrived at the house where they deposited the dead body in a handsome equipage, with masked servants.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE JANUARY and FEBRUARY numbers (2 in 1) of this Magazine were issued from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*" on MONDAY LAST, the 15th instant.—This Number is embellished with THREE SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL and COPPER PLATE, and two beautiful VIGNETTES on the Cover. It contains Eight Sheets or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type cast expressly for the purpose. The publishers submit the following list of its embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

HARKAWAY, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Turner.
TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISAND, Engraved on Steel by Hinshilwood, after Jackson.
ENGLISH ECLIPSE, Engraved on Copper by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

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The March and April numbers will appear together on the 1st of May, and thenceforward the Magazine will be issued punctually on the 1st of each month. Published at the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

April 15, 1839.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 183[illegible] will come off under the following new arrangement, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—Cincinnati Gold Cup, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—Buckeye Plate, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats, to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with those entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race, an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 20th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my] GEORGE M. LONG, GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.

JOCKEY WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a good JOCKEY, to ride a 3 yr. old this Spring. Enquire at the Office of this paper. [a20]

NEW YORK RACES.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. Also, of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
3. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
4. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
5. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
6. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
7. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
8. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
9. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. Also, of Miss Mattie and Shark.
11. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Post Boy's dam and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also, of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats; second best in the race eceive back his stakes. Closed with four subs., viz.:

1. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—Match between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable again stable, of 3 year olds, for $1000 aside, P. P.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, (provided four horses start; if not four, the purs will be $400,) Three mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Shark.
5. Also, of Celeste's sister and Richard.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.
8. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, (provided four horses run; if not four, the purse will be $800,) Four mile heats.

Same day—Match between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt. L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, $1000 aside, h. ft., Mile heats.

Sweepstakes, 2d Spring Meeting.

Memorandum of Sweepstakes to be run over the Union Course, at the Second Spring Meeting of 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub, $.2000 P. P., Four mile heats.
   1. W. Livingston names b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
   2. John Heth names Jack Kremer, by Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.
   3. R. F. Stockton names b. f. Caroline, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
   4. J. C. Stevens names s. c. Fordham, by Eclipse, out of Janette.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000, $250 ft., Mile heats; with a declaration of $100 by the 1st of April. To be run the 1st day of the Meeting.
   1. R. F. Stockton names br. c. by Emilius, out of Young Mouse.
   2. Also, " ch. c. by Rowton, out of Nanine.
   3. Also, " b. c. by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
   4. Robt. L. Stevens names Emilius filly, out of Polly Hopkins.
   5. Also, " Priam filly, out of Betsey Ransom.
   6. Also, " Shark colt, out of Celeste.
   7. John C. Stevens names Terrific, by Gohanna, out of Black Maria.
   8. Also, " ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Janette.
   9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Mary Blunt, by Mons. Tonson.
   10. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by Roman.
   11. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Jane Grey, dam by Monmouth Eclipse.
   12. John D. Kirby names b. c. by Shakspeare, out of Merritt's Imp. mare.

Mem.—Any declaration of forfeit to the above stake must be made in writing, directed to A. L. Botts, Sec'y of the New York Jockey Club, and post-marked by the 1st of April.

3. Sweepstake now open for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, $50 ft., Mile heats. To name and close by the 11th of April; but no winner previous to the time of entry, allowed to enter.

Further particulars of these races in time.

Books of subscription to Sweepstakes always open, for all ages, and at all times.

The Beacon Course Races.—Details of these races will appear on Saturday next.

Mem.—Any person wishing to rent a stand for refreshments during the races, will please apply to Mr. Branch, living on the Union Course.

New York, March 14, 1839.—[M16] A. L. BOTTS, D. H. BRANCH.

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Mesting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23-4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats.* The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3:52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Offic No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2-4m].

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE Spring Meeting of 1839 will commence the 3d Tuesday, 21st May, and continue four days.

First day—Match, for $1000 aside, P.P., Mile heats, between Mr. Cochran's 3 yr. old by Busiris, out of the dam of Chester, and Mr. Kelly's 3 yr. old by Busiris, dam by Escape.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts, sub. $300 each, $200 ft., viz.:

1. Capt. R. F. Stockton names c. *Gloucester*, by Shark, out of Miss Mattie.
2. Col. John Heth " c. by Shark, out of Arietta.
3. J. H. Hellings " b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney.
4. J. D. Kirby " b. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
5. Col. W. R. Johnson " b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
6. Wm. Gibbons " c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. R. C. Hemphill names ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda by Sir Charles.
2. J. D. Kirby " (Dr. Merritt's) b. c. *Tally Ho*, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Primulo by Cervantes.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names (Col. Hampton's) br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
4. Capt. R. F. Stockton names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emelius, out of Rat-trap's dam.
5. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
6. Dan'l Abbott names s. c. by Gohanna, out of I. Smith's Bussorah mare.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Match for $1000 aside, $500 ft., Mile heats, between Mr. Kelly's full sister to Busiris, 4 yrs. old, and Mr. Cochran's *Chester*, 5 yrs.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, bred in Pennsylvania, sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. J. Cochrane names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.
2. D. Kelly names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape.
3. Gen. Irvine names s. c. by Busiris, out of Bay Bet by Rattler.
4. Col. Heth names b. c. by Shark, out of Fair Rachel.
5. J. McDaniel names br. c. by Shark, out of Betsey Archie.
6. J. H. Hellings names br. c. by Imp. Richard, out of Fidelity.
7. J. Potter names b. c. by Busiris, out of his brown mare.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats. W. N. FRIEND.

Philadelphia, 11th April, 1839.—[a13]

STABLE OF HORSES FOR SALE.

THE Imp. b. m. *Lily*, by The Colonel, dam Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon; will be 5 years old in May.

B. m. *Zoraida*, by Virginius (of Transport), dam by Comet, (he by Sir Archy, out of Matchless, by Bedford—Matchless out of Rea,) g. dam by Buzzard, g. g. dam Witch; for her pedigree see Turf Register, Vol. 8th, page 431. Zoraida will be 4 yrs. old in May.

G. m. *Virginia Merritt*, by Bertrand, Jr., dam Gray Girl, by Buzzard, g. dam Eliza, the dam of old Bertrand; she is 5 years old in May. Her fore legs have been injured in training. She would make a fine brood mare, as no blood could be better.

Ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Mucklejohn, Jr., dam by Little Billy, the dam of Betsey Baxter, and I do not believe she is through-bred. Address AUG. FLUD, Vances Ferry P. O., South Carolina.

[a13-4t[

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839. [a13-5t] JNO. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTOWN, Va.

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charlestown, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 12th of June, next and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. JNO. E. NORVELL,

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13-5t] Proprietor.

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, free for ages.

Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13-2m] JAMES D. McALISTER, EDWARD JOHNSON.

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

A TROTTING MEETING will take place over the Beacon Course on Thursday, 25th of April, and continue three days.

First Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $50, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money. Two mile heats under the saddle.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats in harness. Entries for the above purses to be made on Tuesday, April 23d, 4 o'clock, at the Course.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $50, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50. Two mile heats in harness.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats under the saddle.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats in wagons—wagons to weigh as much as 250lbs.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free all trotting horses. Two mile heats under the saddle.

[A6] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y Beacon.

ANOTHER STAKE ON THE KENDALL COURSE.

A SWEEPSTAKES has been opened for 3 yr. olds, with a subscription of $300 each, $100 forfeit, Mile heats. To name and close on the 20th April. Three or four nominations are already promised from Maryland. To enable those gentlemen that are subscribers to the $1000 stake to "take a second chance," this new stake will be run on Friday, the Two mile day. Nominations to be addressed to

Baltimore, April 3, 1839.—[a6] JAS. B. KENDALL, Prop'r.

COLUMBUS RACES.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Hyde Hark Course, near Columbus, Miss., will come off on the third Tuesday in May, being the 21st of the month.

First day—Post Sweepstakes $200 each, P.P., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; Mile heats. To name and close on the 18th May.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Citizens' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

It is necessary to state, that this Race Course is now entirely under the control and management of the Jockey Club, having been tendered to them by its owners. The Club has, for the accommodation of racers and others who attend this course, selected Mr. P. B. Starke (formerly President of the Club,) to manage and have everything prepared necessary for the comfort and convenience of racers. It will be perceived the purses for this Spring Meeting are small, in consequence of expenditures necessary to make the course equal to any in the Southern country. Our purses for the Fall and all other meetings for the future will be much larger. The above purses will be hung up without discount, free for any horse in the United States, complying with the rules of this course.

Columbus, Miss. March 22, 1839.—[a6]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

FINE BROOD OR RACE MARE FOR SALE.

BY Andrew, out of Lady Flirt by Hickory, dam by Duroc, (*vide* Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 1067,) 4 yrs. old this Spring. She has fine size and action; a more desirable mare for the turf or breeding stud is rarely to be purchased, except at an enormous price. She will be sold low or exchanged for a good road horse. She can be seen at the Four Mile House, Third Avenue. WM. D. SPARKS.

[Mar30-3t]

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE Races over the Beacon Course will commence on the second Tuesday, the 14th of May.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th. Also, Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, (of this purse, $50 will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New Nork, then by Virginia Rules).

Same day—A Post Stake, Mile heats, $50 each, P.P., free only for horses that never won a race. To close May 6th.

Third day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, (of this purse $100 will be given to the second best horse, according to the preamble of the $300 purse).

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

[March 23.]

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15¼ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European Plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient, and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Baltimore, Md. - - -	Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Cincinnati, Ohio. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
Columbus, Miss. - - -	Hyde Park Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
Charlestown, Va. -	Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th June.
Clinton, Ala. - - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Camden, N. J. - - - - -	And Philadelphia, Camden Course, J. C. Spring Meeting 21st May.
" "	Match $1000 aside, P.P., M. h., 1st day } between Messrs. Cochran
" "	Match $1000 aside, h. ft., M. h., 3d day } and Kelly's Busiris colts
Crab Orchard, Ky. -	Spring Hill Course, Annual Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Columbus, Ga. - - - -	Western Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th April.
Fredericksburg, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 28th May.
Greensboro', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
Huntsville, Ala. - -	Association Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, last Wednesday, 29th May.
Louisville, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
Lexington, Ky. - - -	Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Lynchburg, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
Livingston, Ala. - - -	Picton Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th May.
Maysville, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
Maury Co. Tenn. - -	Annual Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
New York, - - - - - - -	Union Course, First J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, P.P., between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 yr. olds.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, h. ft., between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, Mile heats.
" "	Beacon Course, First Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
Natchez, Miss. - - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Monday, 29th April.
Nashville, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
" "	Post Sweepstakes of several subscribers on previous day, the 6th.
Quintana, Texas. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 6th May.
Raleigh, N. C. - - - - -	State Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th April.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h., *Boston* vs. *The Queen*, same meeting.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 13th May.
Trenton, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, last Tuesday 28th May.
Tuscumbia, Ala. - - -	Franklin Course, Annual Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 8th May.
Van Buren, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 22d May.
Washington City. -	National course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
Wheeling, Va. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

A man in Germany advertised that he had an organ that woud play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurers and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall; the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "Do blay, my coot organs;" still not a sound was heard; he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Ay, do, you tyvel, break de organs, as you broke my head dis morning." This was too much for the choleric German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack as to drive it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close to the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife!
Cheltenham Looker-On.

A distinguished Pottowattomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and, observing that he was a very good man—very good indeed—and a good friend to the Long-knives [the Americans], requested a dram of whisky. The agent answered that he never gave whisky to *good* men, *good* men never asked for whisky, and never drank it; it was only *bad* Indians who asked for whisky, or liked to drink it. "Then," replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, "me damn rascal!" Mrs. Jamieson's "Canada."

Sailor's Fall.—A sailor dropped out of the main-top of a man of war, and after in some degree breaking his fall by catching at the rigging, fell on the Lieutenant's head and knocked him down on the quarter-deck. The sailor jumped up, as did the lieutenant. 'You rascal,' said the lieutenant, 'where did you come from?' 'From the north of Ireland, an' please your honour," answered the sailor.

Answering a Question.—A sportsman, coursing, lost a hare, and hastily accosted a shephead boy, 'Boy, did you see a hare running by here?' 'A hare, sir?' 'Yes, fool.' 'What a thing that runs fast, with long ears?' 'Yes.' 'That go loppety, loppety lop?' 'Yes, yes, my good fellow,' 'What, very long ears?' 'Yes, dolt.' 'Ah then,' said the boy, 'I didn't see it.'

Difference in Boys.—Some years ago, as a Sussex coach was passing by an avenue leading to the residence of a Mr. Bull, the coachman pulled up on seeing a boy walking leisurely along, and handed a small parcel to him, telling him to take it directly to Mr. B. Upon the boy looking rather vacant and doubtful, he was told to look sharp, and not stand gaping there, but deliver it instantly; upon which the boy began to cry. Upon a passenger remarking this to the coachman, "Ah!" says he, "the boys always cry hereabouts if you speak sharp to 'em; but about Linfield they are saucy enough. I recollect last summer taking a walk in that neighbourhood with the driver of the ———; we happened to lose our way; on seeing a boy sitting on a gate as we turned down a lane, my companion said, "I say, Jack, can you tell us which is the nearest way to Linfield?" "How did thee know my name was Jack?" "Oh! we only guessed so." "Then thee may guess thee way to Linfield, for I'll be domned if I tell thee." A lady travelling on horseback in Hertfordshire, were told that the boys in that country were very rude and impudent; upon coming to a five-barred gate, she requested a boy who was lolling against it to open it for her, which, to her great surprise, he did. She then gave him a shilling, saying that she was sure he was not a Hertfordshire lad, as he was so civil! 'Ther't a loir," quickly replied the boy, "I be's."

Incledon and Mathews.—On one occasion Incledon and Mathews were travelling on a very fine summer's day, on the outside of a stage-coach, soon after the death of Incledon's first wife, to whom he had been greatly attached. A very consumptive-looking man sat near him, about whom Incledon's humane heart made him feel an interest, and he frequently spoke to him, inquired into his history, and found that the poor man was going home to his friends to be nursed. Incledon, when the coach stopped, addressed the poor invalid for the last time, as follows:—"My good man we're going to leave you. It's my opinion, my poor fellow, that you're *bespoke*; you're now, I take it, as good as ready money to the undertaker. In fact, you're *booked*—so there's a seven-shilling piece for you my good man: and if you see my dear sainted Jane, pray tell her you saw me, and that I'm well!" The poor creature stared, and took the money with a humble bow, but made no reply to this extraordinary address, which he doubtless supposed to come from a lunatic. Memoir of Charles Mathews.

The wits at the Garrick were the other day discussing the question of the interference of Ministers in preventing the performances at Drury Lane. "It is indeed too bad," remarked Hook, "to *cross* Bunn during the whole of Lent, when Good Friday is the only day properly set apart for that process."

The general impression is, that Madame Vestris has not managed the infernal machine plot with half the dexterity that she *manages* her *plots* on the stage: the only *part* well *filled*, it appears, was the box.

T. Cooke having an obstinate cigar the other night that would *not* light, declared, that he was just in the same situation as Charles Kean; for, says he, "I've been *puffing* and *puffing* for a long time, but curse me if I can *draw*."

Rights of Scene Painters.—The Cour Royale of Paris has decided, on an appeal in a case of the scene painters and decorators of the French Opera, prosecuting the director for refusing them their right of admission behind the scenes during the representations, that, since the scenes and decorations form a principal part of the *spectacle* at the opera, these artists are to be placed on the same footing as authors, and are to enjoy the right of admission which had been contested.

Theatrical Fracas.—At Lambeth-street, recently, Mr. Gladstane, jun., manager of the Pavilion Theatre, and son of the joint-proprietor of the Adelphi, was charged with an assault on Mr. George Norman, an actor connected with the former establishment. It appeared that in consequence of certain differences, complainant had written a letter to defendant, inclosing a copy of one intended for defendant's father, in consequence of which defendant had threatened to horsewhip complainant, and had struck him a blow on the face. The assault was not denied, but strong provocation was pleaded in defence. Mr. Gladstane handed to the bench the two letters before alluded to, and in the one addressed to the defendant mention was made of the name of an actress belonging to the theatre who is at present under the protection of the complainant, and whose charms were supposed to have caused the difference between the parties. After reading over the letter the magistrates expressed their determination to leave the parties to settle the matter at the Sessions; Mr. Combe at the same time remarking, that the kindest thing the magistrates could do would be not to go further into the case, as, from what he had seen by the letter, circumstances might transpire not at all creditable to the parties themselves or beneficial to the establishment to which they belonged. The warrant was then dismissed, and Mr. Norman expressed his determination to carry the case to the Session.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.
Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, T[illegible]

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's, in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable' near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus. at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq.' at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm' Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley.

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season' pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall.& Co.

OLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHOICE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL at private sale, on or before the first day of the Kendall Races (14th May), or the next day at public auction, immediately after the four mile race, the reversionary interest in Lady Cliffden. Also, a very superior 2 yr. old out of her dam, by Imp. Tranby, with his engagements for the next season. Also, a very large and beautiful filly, 4 yrs. old, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, she by Virginian, and tracing back matenally through excellent crosses to the common origin of the Wyatts and the Pictons, &c. This filly of great promise received an injury not permanent, which threw her out of training last Fall, but is now considered perfectly well, and ready for training the next Fall.

The value of the old crosses in the stock of Lady Cliffden, embracing the blood of Young Cameron and Morton's Traveller, through Lloyd's Traveller, the Lindsey Arabian, through Othello, and the Gabriel and Medley, through Ogle's Oscar, Imported Cliffden, Sir Charles, &c. is believed to be unsurpassed either in this or any other country. The cross of the *Lindsey Arabian* is believed to be invaluable, as it is unknown in the present race of English stock; and believing it has done for the blood horse of this hemisphere, what the Darly and Godolphin Arabian has done for the English stock, it may not be deemed a fiction to suppose that this cross in the veins of each contributed largely to the wonderful performances made by both Mingo and Lady Cliffden.

[a27-3t] THOS. EMORY.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.
Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

PICTON RACES, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

THE regular Jockey Club Spring Meeting will commence on the Picton Course, on the 4th Monday, 27th May, when the following purses will be offered:—
First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats.
Fifth day—A Post Stake for all ages, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.
Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. f.; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. to each. J. J. JEWELL, Secretary
Livingston, Ala. March 31, 1839.—[a20]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Haress exhibitedat the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16-4t.]

FOUR MILE STAKE, BEACON COURSE.

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary.

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas.
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race: to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with binns capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, our of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house, 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, Fanti, Dosoris, Zela, Terrific, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. Isaac Van Leer, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of Van Leer, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either. THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravier & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 26*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb. and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15½ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Tayloe's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clockfast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring af 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ——.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ——.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Ladies' Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22 t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, 1839, (it being the week following the Philadelphia and Camden Races,) and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday)—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
2. Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. c. by Star out of Melinda.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby out of Mary Randolph.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
2. Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
4. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod.
5. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by ——.
6. J. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe.

Second day (Wednesday)—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Messrs. Combs & Ellis name ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge.
2. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page.
3. Edward J. Wilson names b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham.

Same day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; free for all ages that shall not have won a race previous to closing this Stake.
1. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.
2. Jos. H. Hellings names ch. c. *Borax*, by Andrew, out of Trifle's dam, 4 yrs.
3. Jos. H. Vanmater names ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.
4. Also, " ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.

Same day—Purse $400, Two mile heats; $100 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Third day (Thursday)—A purse of $700, Three mile heats; $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday)—A purse of $1500, Four mile heats; $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The Races will commence at 12 o'clock, each day. Entries will close at the Eagle Hotel on the evening previous to each race, at 8 o'clock. Entrance 5 per cent.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules do not designate the second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be so considered.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern States can rely on securing good stables for race horses by making application, or addressing a letter to the Subscriber.

A handsome DINNER will be prepared at the Pavilion, immediately after the main race each day.

The New Jersey Rail Road will convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J., April 16, 1839.—[a20]

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit 11 times, ran 2d four times, and 3d four times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 yrs. old, he was the trial horse o the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction, when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of nay other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin,	Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo,	Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo,	John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on 4th Tuesday, 28th May.

[m2] Wm. McCARGO

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1½ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1,21838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. [illegible]

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion, and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he should have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his competitor

LEXINGTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

THE Spring Races for 1839, over the Association Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 22d day of May next, and continue four days.

First day—Brennan Stakes, a Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100; sub. $100, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Charles Buford names b. g. by Singleton, out of dam of Rashleigh.
2. Also, (Geo. Brand's) ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams.
3. Rich. Downing names (J. L. Downing's) ch. f. by Singleton, out of Isabella by Hephestion.
4. E. Warfield names c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress.
5. Jas. Lindsay names (R. Pindell's) f. *Julia W.*, by Sarpedon, out of Fanny Wright's dam.
6. Also, c. *Bird Catcher*, by Woodpecker, out of Miss Tiger by Tiger.
7. Jas. J. Allen names b. c. *R. Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Archy.
8. Wm. Buford, Jr. names b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander.
9. J. McIntosh names gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Contract.
10. Thos. H. Clay names gr. f. *Cadetta*, by Cadet, out of Catherine Schuyler by Georgian.
11. Henry Lockhart names ch. f. *Henrietta*, by Medoc, out of Sally Tyler by Kosciusko.
12. John E. Roper names gr. c. *Blacklock*, by Cadet, dam by Eclipse.
13. Abraham Spears & Thos. Kelley name ch. c. *Morehead*, by Medoc, out of Multaflora.
14. M. W. Dickey names b. c. *Red Rocket*, by Medoc, out of Little Wicked.
15. Also, ro. f. *Roanna*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
16. W. W. Bacon, Jr. names (Wm. Harris's) b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.
17. Thos. Van Swearengen names ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, out of Lady Grey by Sir Richard.
18. Reason Jordan names bl. f. *Caroline Warfield*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sophy Winn by Blackburn's Whip.
19. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. *Occidenta*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel.

Second day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, P.P., Three mile heats. To which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey,	T. J. Young,
W. W. Bacon,	Charles Buford.

Third day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Two mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

E. Warfield,	W. W. Bacon.
M. W. Dickey,	

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey,	M. W. Bacon,
Chas. Buford,	R. P. Snell.
E. Warfield,	

Fourth day—Association Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages. By order of the President, EDWIN BRYANT, Secretary.

Lexington, April 9, 1839.—[a203t]

GREENSBOROUGH, (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Cluq Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, Proprietors.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brothers of Va. name the produce of Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

VOLNE

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. Wm. R. Johnson's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. Williams' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. Richard Logan, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she wuold have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. Johnson.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. Richard Logan.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. Prindle,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, Wm. McCargo.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. Phillips sold Volney to Mr. P. A. Prindle, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Horses NORMAN LESLIE and JOHN CALDWELL. If not disposed of by the 22d of April, they will on that day be sold at Tattersall's. Apply to the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway, or at 291 Bowery.

[Mar30] PHILIP McGUIRE.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 27th—Last night but one of the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. SLOMAN.

MONDAY, April 29—First night of Mr. SINCLAIR'S engagement; 1st night of Mrs. GIBBS. THE LORD OF THE ISLES; Ronald, Mr. Sinclair; Isabella, Mrs. Gibbs.

TUESDAY, April 30—Last night of Mr. and Mrs. SLOMAN; 3d night of Mad. LECOMTE and Mons. MARTIN.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Second night of Mr. SINCLAIR and Mrs. GIBBS.

THURSDAY, May 1—Mrs. SLOMAN'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, May 3—Fourth night of the engagement of Mr. SINLCAIR and Mrs. GIBBS.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 27th, Mr. BURTON will appear for one night more. The entertainments to commence with the comedy in 3 acts, translated from Kotzebue's Der Rohbock, called STAG HALL; Giles Grizzle, Mr. Burton. In the course of the comedy Mr. Burton will sing a comic song called the "Miller's Daughter"—after which, the farce of JOHN JONES; Guy Goodluck, Mr. Burton—to conclude with (by desire) STATE SECRETS; Gregory Thimblewell, Mr. Burton.

MONDAY, April 29th—Will be produced Barnett's celebrated opera of the MOUNTAIN SYLPH; the Music under the direction of Mr. Penson. Donald (his original character), Mr. WILSON; Hela, Mr. SEGUIN; Eolia (the Mountain Sylph), Miss SHIRREFF; Jessie, Mrs. BAILEY—to conclude with the new and popular farce of JOHN DIBBS.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, a grand opera, in which Miss Shirreff, Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Seguin will sustain the principal characters.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 27th—DAMON AND PYTHIAS; Damon, Mr. Bannister; Pythias, Cline; Calanthe, Mrs. Bannister—Grand Election Procession, as it occurred on Friday last—with SCAN MAG.

MONDAY, April 29th—Mr. Cline's Benefit.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The old house is renewing her youth,—that is, she is beginning to put forth the efforts of olden time, to multiply attraction and to incur expense. Owing to this cause, and the great influx of strangers, her seats are better filled than they have been of late. The great tragedian, who executes with equal power, and beauty and taste, *Macbeth* and *Maltravers*, (Richard Maltravers, we mean) *Hamlet* or the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," *Arbaces* or the *Pirate of the Gulf*, is alas! too soon to leave the classic walls of Old Drury. Having by his generous aid and the help of his recruits, brought the old house into the best possible repute, and himself into public notice, he transfers the scene of his triumphs from the Park to the more congenial "Nursery." A few tears will be shed at parting from his new found friends. The bust of Shakspeare which consecrates the Park and presides over its destinies, will lachrymosely nod at the retirement of his most fitting interpreter; but after a few weeks of wailing and regret, things will work on together as before, Placide will be seen to laugh, and folks begin to ask what they are playing at the Park again. Till the agony of separation be once over, our feelings must necessarily suffer a depression, but the music of SINCLAIR, and the dancing of LECOMTE will soon dispel our hideous melancholy.

The SLOMANS have been drawing better than we had anticipated;—Mrs. SHAW has been cast with Mrs. Sloman on several nights, and their combined attraction has called together fair houses. "Jane Shore" was played the other night, with these two ladies in "Shore's wife" and Alice. It was as effective as that tragedy can be made here at present. With indifferent acting, it is among the poorest of plays, and almost as bad as "Ernest Maltravers," which, we take it, from hearing thereof, is worse than trash. "Jane Shore" was repeated on Thursday, and with Sloman in a comic song and a new farce, and Lecomte and her brother Mr. MARTIN, in two dances, a large audience was attracted. There was nothing about the performances worthy of especial note, unless the dancing. Lecomte was warmly welcomed, but unless we derived a wrong impression from the ill-chosen dance, she did not develope her usual grace and spirit. In many points, however, she is unequalled, and in the *pas styrien* she was encored. Styria is not the country of our birth, and we are therefore poorer judges of Austrian costume than of Wheeler's coats, but either Augusta or Lecomte departs widely from the truth in dressing for this dance. Mr. Martin is an extremely agile, active dancer, and often alarmed us for the safety of his limbs, so quick were his movements. We shall see more of him, and be able to express a better opinion of his merits.

The great feature of the week are the performances advertised for this evening (Friday), being for the benefit of Mr. Hamblin. Only five capital tragedies are to be played on the occasion. The modesty of the principal costumer of the company suggesting doubts whether the company could be fitly draped for "Richard," "Lear," "Shylock," and "Sir Giles Overreach," on the same evening with "Othello" and "Brutus," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Virginius," which last five characters are to be *done for* some two hours hence. "At the close of the performances Mr. Hamblin will return his acknowledgments to the patrons of the Park Theatre for their liberal support during his engagement, and bid them a respectful Farewell,"—nearly thus runs the announcement in the bills. It will only be a farewell of "the patrons of the Park," if any of them should chance to be present—but our opinion is, that every face that greets him to-night there, will glare upon him from the Bowery next week. As to support of "the patrons of the Park," he has had none,—the audiences have all along been Bowery audiences, so termed by universal custom, for some scores of peculiarities in the play-house, rather than because they all reside in that great thoroughfare.

Next week SINCLAIR and Mrs. GIBBS open in "Lord of the Isles." Then you will have an opportunity of observing the distinction between a "Park" house and a "Bowery" house. We do not anticipate very crowded houses after the first night of this engagement, but sincerely hope we may be disappointed in this.

The National.—Our paper went to press last week just as the entertainments for the great benefit to Mr. WALLACK were closing. The house was fashionably attended, and the receipts as nearly as we can ascertain were about $3300. Mr. Wallack appeared in his favourite character of *Rattle* on the occasion, and played it as no other man who ever appeared in New York can do. After the play, he addressed the house for a few moments, with much happiness of expression. He promised nothing for the future save that *he would do his best*. And he must *do his best*, or the next will prove a disastrous season for the National. We cannot doubt that the exertions of the Park Theatre to regain their former supremacy will be tremendous; we should be surprised at no engagement they may make, (unless another with Hamblin) and we reckon with certainty upon brilliant attractions from this time forward. With the most short-sighted purpose, Mr. Wallack lent his aid to build up another rival, which will prove formidable in the extreme to him. He allowed Hamblin to play in his house, and the result has been the rebuilding of the Bowery. Henceforth he cannot compete with that theatre, it would drive decent people out of his house, to do so with a prospect of success,—he must vie only with the Park. The National must be fashionable or go to ruin. It will go far to maintain its present attitude, that the vocalists are engaged for another year. They are favourites with the public, and will compete successfully with any ordinary attraction down town—but there will be some *extra*-ordinary inducements held out to play-goers at the Park, and to meet these, the enterprising spirit of Mr. Wallack will be called upon to put forth all its resources. Popular favour is now on his side,—the situation of his house is adverse, that of his rival most eligible,—but a determination to succeed at whatever cost or hazard, is the surest guarantee of success. That Wallack went abroad full of this spirit is well known, and we shall look for his return in the Great Western (for he does not purpose much delay there) with eager curiosity, hoping it will then be in our power to announce to our readers such engagements on his part, as will extend the popularity, and advance still higher the character of the National.

The Wallack benefit gave us the only opportunity we have been able to embrace, of hearing the "Marriage of Figaro" as it can be cast at the National. It suffered that evening from various causes, such as insufficient rehearsals, the fatigue of vocalists, who were compelled to fly from one city to another for the occasion, and from the great length of the performances, which drove many from the house and kept up that restlessness on the part of the audience which of all things most promotes indifference and carelessness in the actors. Still these causes affected not the singing of Mrs. SEGUIN, to note which, is the object of this paragraph. No justice has been done to this lady as a vocalist, unless by our neighbours of the "Albion." It is hardly too much to say that she is the most accomplished vocalist that has ever been listened to in America. On Friday evening, she carried the house with her most triumphantly; there was but one opinion as to the brilliant style and exquisite finish with which she executed her songs, and her part in the famed duet, which the audience would have been pleased to hear again, had it pleased *both* the ladies. We take shame to ourselves for not sooner doing such justice to Mrs. Seguin as an artist, as to pronounce her equal to the most highly prized of the vocalists who have for years visited our land. In the earlier operas in which she appeared, "Il Barbiere" and "Cinderella," no pains were taken to do her justice by the management. They were got up in a slovenly manner, and did not draw, and in their failure the reputation of the *prima donna* was somewhat involved. The moment she could be made useful in an opera in which others, *already engaged*, were to figure, due care was taken that all should be done right. The opportunity was all that Mrs. Seguin could desire, and when afforded, she embraced it, and in a single evening she completed her triumph. We hope to hear her often.

BURTON played for Wallack's benefit, *Sir Simon Slack*. It was an inimitable piece of acting, and kept the house in a roar. He has since been playing an engagement to houses thinner than he deserves. Mr. Burton is the best comedian in America, after HENRY PLACIDE. In many characters he is without a rival, in all he is excellent. What a treat would it be to have him and Placide play together in some favourite comedy! Can they not help each other on the occasion of their benefits? "Please exchange," gentlemen,—Burton at least knows what that means, for he is an Editor,—talk it over among yourselves, and surprise the town some fine morning with the finest bill offered in the season.

SHIRREFF, BAILEY, WILSON, and SEGUIN open here on Monday in Barnett's "Mountain Sylph." If properly got up, there is a chance of its success, but that opera has never been much fancied in New York, and we are not, therefore, sanguine of its success. We are to have music here every night of the week.

There would seem to be some screw loose in the management here since Wallack left. In the opera of the "Waterman," the other night, which was announced as the after-piece, Mr. HORNCASTLE was too hoarse to sing, Mrs. BAILEY omitted her songs, and "Billy Villiams" was returned "non est" till the second act. The precise cause of the difficulty has not transpired, but we can hardly blame Mrs. Bailey, who from singing with great credit *Susannah* one night, in the "Marriage of Figaro," is on the next thrust into some farce or operatta, which by possibility cannot commence till about eleven o'clock, when the house begins to get thin and restless, or fatigued with laughter, if perchance Burton has been playing in the earlier part of the evening. But we have little doubt that all these little difficulties will soon be soothed into harmony, as the management of the National have a very effective method of bringing popular opinion to bear upon their establishment.

Miss CLIFTON has arrived in town, much improved in health, after her long and severe illness. We may soon expect to see her at one of our theatres.

We understand that Mr. EDWIN DEAN, late of the firm of Dean & McKinney, manager of the Columbus, Wheeling, and Cleaveland theatres, has taken the Eagle-street theatre, Buffalo, and will open on the 6th.

The Bowery.—This theatre is completed, and the "Star" says is to be opened on Tuesday next. "It's an ill wind, &c.,"—the Park folks are thus rid of a nuisance, and Hamblin will go to making money again. Celeste and Mrs. Shaw are said to be engaged by him, the former will draw any where, and the latter should do so, for she is clever and beautiful. The "Bowery" is not a very good school either of morals or manners, and we do not therefore anticipate any improvement in Mrs. Shaw's style of acting;—but if she only remains as good an actress as she is, it will be a long while ere she palls upon the public taste. We fear that hailing at the "Bowery" may not be altogether so advantageous to her, in making engagements in other cities. We hear of other changes to be occasioned by opening the new house; a few we regret, and they are cases of mere beginners in the profession. That theatre has ever been the most miserable school for actors in the country. The "Bowery rant" is as well understood as any term in art, so characteristic is it of a whole class of actors. We have known individuals of great cleverness half ruined in the profession by the fault. Years are necessary to get rid of it, when once acquired. Of this more anon.

FRENCH OPERATIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Opera has made an acquisition for its boards, not less important than Mad'lle. Rachel has proved for the Theatre Francais. For more than two years before the present month, there had been abundant talk in the modish and musical circles, touching a young Italian, who sang in select parties with unrivalled succcess, and who, if he could be procured for the Academie Royale de Musique, would supply the place of Nourrit, become, co-ordinate with Duprez, and render sure the future prosperity of that institution. The new and transcendent tenor was so long heralded, that, as the newspapers say, the outer world began to class him among the fabled personages (the Ariels) with whom the imagination and fond hopes of amateurs are sometimes deluded. But at length he has been brought forth at the Grand Opera, incarnate, just as the Parisian ladies would have fashioned him—a young man, about twenty-two years of age, handsome features, large black, sparkling eyes, well-shaped limbs, stature a little above the middle size, graceful and gentlemanly carriage, and a voice (*voce di petto* to *si* and even *ut*) all that could be desired in compass, flexibility, melody, freshness. limpidness, in short, the highest and most exquisite qualties. He had been admirably trained by Bordogni, Ponchard, and Michelot, and was the adopted, the favorite *protegée* of the great Meyerbeer, who sent him forth to conquer all suffrages—all ears and hearts—with a confidence equal to that of the first of the house of Vestris, when he stationed the second in the *corps de ballet*.

Besides, the debutante is of noble birth, the Chevalier, or Count de Candia, son of a Governor of Nice or Turin, whence he was compelled to banish himself on account of some youthful *indiscretions*—some excess of Sardinian spirits.

The Chevalier has assumed the name of Mario, in the printed bills; but all the journals glorify him as M. de Candia, or M. Mario de Candia, so that the family cognomen will pervade the globe and descend to posterity, in spite of his scruple of blood or precaution of delicacy.

The debutant undertook bravely a quintuple task extremely arduous—to enunciate a language not his own; tread the Paris boards; sing at the Grand Opera; perform the lyric drama, and achieve Robert le Diable. From this part, requiring at once the accomplished actor and superlative singer, even Duprez had shrunk; and though the piece had been intermitted a certain period, it had been represented since its birth in 1831, one hundred and sixty-six times, and was therefore indelibly impressed on the public memory and taste, in all its beauties and exigences. The circumstances which I have thus duly related, gave the young gentleman's "first appearance on any stage" an interest and moment nearly unprecedented in the annals of "the first scenic Academy of the Universe"—one which receives from the Government seven hundred thousand francs per annum, for the purpose chiefly of recruiting the best talent and culture wherever to be reached. Every place in the Opera House was pre-engaged on the day that his debut (the next week) was notified in the newspapers. I can state the facts as within my knowledge, that from eighty to one hundred francs were given for single seats in the orchestra, and two hundred and fifty francs seriously asked of an American gentleman for a box of four places. Play-tickets at such prices are almost as costly as the bottles of old wine which, not long since, were so dearly paid for at New York and Philadelphia, and of which the account-sales have been copied into the London and Paris journals, to show the progress of Bacchanalian luxury in our infant Republic.

The triumph of De Candia was complete in every respect. He is fully installed the worthy compeer of Duprez—the future Rubini—the perfect specimen of that *rara avis*—a first rate tenor and lyric performer, which Italy does not now possess for herself, and Paris alone can boast for France. In truth, the Chevalier is marvellously gifted and perfectly taught, and with such an outset and field, he must gradually ripen into a consummate master of his profession. The public eagerness and admiration seem to grow more intense at every new exhibition of the new Robert le Diable; the services of the two hundred *claqueurs*, officially in the pay of the Grand Opera, can be dispensed with in relation to his success; no Farmer-General of the old regime had ever a higher promise or better chance of princely wealth. The journals proclaim that he and Mad'lle. Rachel have the most enviable positions in Europe. You exalt, incense, feast, and follow inordinately the secondary players who visit the United States to replenish their purses and refresh their reputations. But nothing less than immediate observation can afford an adequate idea of the positive importance and eclat with which the super-eminent of the profession are invested in Paris. You may infer from the Imperial devotion and munificence to Taglioni at St. Petersburg and Vienna, how the Terpsichore is worshipped in her temples. In London, huge sums are paid by managers, who regularly enlist, and by affluent people of fashion who occasionally hire the Operatic celebrities; but it is all bargain and sale—an intercourse of trade—and the degree of personal consequence, and attention and homage from the press, which they are allowed, is far less than on the continent.

We have had another memorable *event* in the musical world. On Saturday evening last a grand concert was given at the Theatre de la Renoissance, which I described in one of my former communications, by Mons. de Beriot, a Belgian, and widower of the far-famed Madame Malibran, and Mad'lle. Pauline Garcia, a sister of the same vocalist. The winter before the last, I heard this young lady perform on the piano, at a soiree of Dr. Sichel, the Oculist, and was convinced by her great proficiency that she possessed the family genius in ample contingent. But she appeared to me homely in face, though well in person, an unprepossessing likeness of the *Signorita*, who could charm all *spectators* as well as enchant every auditor. The European reputation of De Beriot on the violin, his matrimonial biography, the length of time (ten years) since he had been heard in Paris, the name of Garcia, the successful trial of her endowments and training as a singer, which Mad'lle. Pauline had made in the fashionable *salons*, and the patronage of her sister's old friends and connexions—all these circumstances combined to fill the house with the most brilliant assemblage it had known. The tickets were raised enormously, and the receipts amounted to more than thirteen thousand francs.

De Beriot executed five pieces. The dilettanti acknowledged universally that he could have few equals in the science and various mechanical perfections which command wonder and admiration for the first of instruments. Pauline Garcia was, however, the chief attraction. She so acquitted herself, in three grand airs of different expression, that her endowments and destinies, both as singer and tragic actress, were pronounced to be as high as those of her sister, by connoisseurs of the loftiest pretension. I do not suppose that the latter was even so rapturously applauded at her debut in Paris, or so hyperbolically pourtrayed in the journals. I will translate a specimen in a few sentences: "The apparition of this young girl, about seventeen, with her white robe and her rich black eyes, had something of the phantasmagorical; we thought, for the moment, that we saw Juliet or Desdemona: and the illusion was complete when we heard that magnificent voice which reaches the highest notes of *soprano*, and descends to the gravest sounds of the *contralto*. She has in her voice two notes higher and lower than her sister; her countenance is most animated and expressive; her person elegant, and rather tall; she manifests dramatic propensity and fire; she can sing and play tragedy in five languages; she is constituted so as to become supreme mistress of all the branches of the Operatic art, and sway the profession by the potency of miraculous talent, thoroughly cultivated; she already composes astonishingly in the vein of Weber; the fortune of the Italian Theatre will be made whenever she shall decide to adopt those boards."

Mad. Cinti Damoreau, whom a severe indisposition long withheld from the Comic Opera, has returned to its boards with unimpaired voice and dramatic excellence. In the combination of these, this lady,—as, I think, I have before written to you—has gratified me more than any of her "contemporaries." She is truly said to represent the perfection of French music, tempered and purified in the Italian school. Her favourite character is the Lady of the *Domino Noir*, the master-piece of Scribe and Auber's joint labors. By the way, this fascinating opera has been converted, called *La Segunda Dama Duende*, which has been represented twenty times consecutively, "with unbounded applause." You see that the people of Madrid do not neglect the stage in the midst of all their deep alarms and distresses.

Mademoiselle Falcon, who was so long and undisputedly the first cantatrice and tragic actress of the Grand Opera, has lost, by an affection of the breast and throat, her *operatic* voice, but has been listed for the *Theatre Francais*, where, with the dramatic talent and elocution which she retains, she may do justice to Corneille and Racine, and prove a formidable rival to Mademoiselle *Rachel*.

The magnetism of the French Grand Opera is rendered no less potent than that of the Odeon, by a new ballet in three acts, called *La Gipsy*—the meaning of which title the journalists have been obliged to explain eruditely for the puzzled Parisians, the French term for the tribe being *Les Bohemiens*. The scene is laid in Scotland; the story, the common one of an infant daughter of a rich lord, stolen by the gipsies, and finally recovered, &c. Fanny Esler is the heroine, and not only dances, but *pantomines* throughout with ineffable perfection. She has eclipsed her own *cachuca* by a *mazurka* that extra-ravishes every continental spectator. Nothing of the kind, in this theatre, or any other, has ever surpassed the pictures of Scottish scenery, of Edinburgh and its environs in particular. The music, from three professors of the *Academie Royal*, corresponds in merit. Tickets rise as did the railroad stocks last year. At St. Petersburg, recently, Taglioni appeared in the part of a gipsy, in a ballet (*La Gitana*) with a similar plot, which cost the civil list of the Autocrat a sum of not less than two hundred thousand rubles, and yielded the Empress of the dance, at her benefit, full fifty thousand.

I stood near Lablache, under the Arcade of the Rue de Rivoli, and I can answer for the portly Signor's health and vigor. The other chiefs of the *troupe* might also be confidently recommended to a Life Insurance Company. Rubini is the most worn. Grisi's conjugal feuds have not impaired her *embonpoint*, her powers or spirits. I state these important particulars for the satisfaction of the many American amateurs who may not be able to take passage immediately in the steamships for Europe, in order to witness "before they die," *La Donna del Lago*, with richer means of fascination than even the muse of Walter Scott was at any time able to bestow.

At the concert of Beriot and Garcia, the two most sumptuous boxes in front of the stage were occupied by the Spanish dames, Aguado and Toreno; the one, wife of the Cræsus banker, the other, of the opulent Count, speculator and politician; both blazing with satins and diamonds. Above them, in the second tier, and in a corner, comparatively dark and obscure, sat the *Infants of Spain*, the family of Don Francisco de Paulo.—"See," exclaimed a Legitimist, surveyor of the scene, "what revolutions make of Princes and bankers!—how royalty may be eclipsed by finance!"

Since we do not see, and indeed, cannot find here, any of the principal American literary journals, I am ignorant whether due notice has been taken on your side of the Atlantic of the Countess de Merlin's work, *Les Loisirs d'une Femme du Monde*. The two first volumes consist of a sentimental Romance, which she has wrought out of the life of Madame Malibran, with the title of *Maria*. The Countess is celebrated for her own musical talents, and the brilliancy of her musical parties. She was the most enthusiastic personal friend and patroness of *Maria*, the outline of whose life and character she has accurately traced. But as her own career has been free, she is not severe nor fastidious in her moral judgments. She declares *Maria* to have been *innocent* though not *pure*, in her intimate relations with De Beriot before the divorce from Malibran. The general tone of the book is in unison with this distinction, and with the warmest spirit of enthusiasm for musical genius thus personified and exercised; but if the style and coloring are meretricious, or too florid, the incidents and anecdotes possess considerable interest for all who remember the Garcia family as they appeared and fared in the United States, and who would learn in detail the exquisite Signorite's associations and fate, triumphs and distresses, sad freaks and amiable deeds, in Europe. What a monster of cruelty was her father, according to the Merlin narrative.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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